360

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 1 1932

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. IV. No. 71 (New Series) SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1932 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 1
GOING BACKWARDS IN INDIA 4
CANADA AND THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE . . 5
A LONDON DIARY 6
REPETITION. By Y. Y. 7
THE MECHANISATION OF AGRICULTURE . . . 8
CORRESPONDENCE 9
From Maxwell Garnett; Denis Ireland; C. K. Munro; Meyrick Booth; L. J. Cadbury; Judith Todd; "Undergraduate"; "Phillips."
HEROES. By Agnes Mure Mackenzie 11
CONCLUSION. By A. E. Coppard 12
TASTE AND ENTERPRISE 12
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . *Page* 13
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Harold Nicolson . . 14
REVIEWS:
Trotsky on Revolution. By Kingsley Martin . 15
A Personal Portrait. By Peter Quennell . . 16
An Irish Judge. By R. W. Postgate . . . 16
The Problem of Transport 17
Nearer than they Guess 18
Tribal Customs and Administration . . . 20
SHORTER NOTICES 20
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Constant Lambert . . 22
PLAYTIME. By Caliban. 24
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 26

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

HAS Mr. MacDonald worked an eleventh hour miracle at Lausanne? On Wednesday morning the deadlock seemed complete. The French stood fast for "compensations"; the Germans would not and could not, they said, pay anything more. Herr von Papen's suggestion that the Treaty of Versailles should be revised in return for Germany's "co-operation" appeared to the French the crowning outrage. Then Mr. MacDonald, who has stuck desperately to his task of mediation, carried a proposal for a committee of the Powers, which it is hoped may achieve a settlement. We are awaiting further news, as we write, of the plans of this committee and the sort of settlement that is envisaged. If it is to embody some concession, which not merely Herr von Papen but German opinion in general will accept cheerfully, and if, as is hinted in the reports from Lausanne, it is designed to be a prelude to a larger scheme of economic reconstruction, then the Conference will have been a triumph. Our chief fear is of another compromise which will merely smudge the slate without cleaning it. But that, we must believe, is no more in Mr. MacDonald's mind than it is in Herr von Papen's.

* * *

Geneva has not yet gone to pieces, and after President Hoover's dose of oxygen there is a faint hope of results from the Conference. Sir John Simon, we are assured, is not so cold about the American proposals as many had thought. He and the British Government as a whole genuinely welcome Mr. Hoover's demand for drastic measures of disarmament; only they believe their own scheme (which is about to be made public) would be more effective and even, they say, more far-reaching. On that there may legitimately be differences of opinion—but differences which need not mean deadlock, if the will to disarm is there. In this country the great mass of opinion is unquestionably in favour of cuts—and heavy cuts. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of France, where the militarists and Germanophobes and Italophobes still walk and talk after their head has been cut off at the recent general election. The first reception of the Hoover proposals in Paris was deplorable; second thoughts have made the critics a little less impolite, but no more ready, we fear, for what by a pretty irony are called "sacrifices." We shall know before long whether M. Herriot means to play the intransigent and wreck the Conference.

* * *

We shall also know before long—very likely before these lines are in print—what the British Government's proposals are, and whether Sir John Simon's claim that they go farther than the American is justified. In the light of the discussions of the past few months at Geneva there seems some reason to doubt it. On land we should, under Mr. Hoover's scheme, give up not merely heavy tanks but all tanks, and in the air all our heavy bombers. As regards the navy, there does not appear to be much difference in respect

of the figures of aircraft carriers and cruisers. Mr. Hoover proposes only a reduction of submarines, it is true, whereas we stand for their abolition; but everyone knows that there is not the slightest chance of international agreement on this. Then there is the question of capital ships. The Americans want a reduction of numbers and total tonnage by one-third, Sir John Simon has argued for a reduction not of numbers but of maximum tonnage and gun calibre. Yet surely a limitation of numbers is necessary if we are to get real relief by this; otherwise we are in danger of replacing smaller herds of mammoths by larger herds of elephants. But on this and other controversial points the British and American views should be capable of adjustment. If they are not, then the politicians and experts will have proved themselves either fools or humbugs.

* * *

The decision of the British Government to take reprisals upon the Free State if the money for the annuities is not forthcoming on July 1st is the sort of action for which an excellent argument can be put up. But it seems to us a dangerous and impolitic action all the same. Mr. De Valera has not repudiated his money obligations: he has agreed that the question should be submitted to arbitration, provided that the court of arbitration is not a purely imperial court. There seems to us nothing unreasonable in this request. It sounds well, no doubt, to call the proposed reprisals merely a way of recovering the money which Mr. De Valera is withholding. But the proposed Act to enable the Treasury to withdraw the Free State preferences and to impose new tariffs on the food we import from Ireland will hit this country as well as the Free State, and it may well have the effect of rallying to Mr. De Valera's side opinion in the Free State which was otherwise becoming increasingly critical of him. Ireland has never yet been made more reasonable by coercion.

* * *

Sixty days may not be quite long enough to discover all there is to be known about finance in Kenya, but it was long enough to enable Lord Moyne, who was sent out as financial Commissioner, to discover that the system of taxation and public expenditure there is grossly inequable. His report deals with the "entirely inadequate" attention paid to native development, and he confirms familiar criticism when he says that the education and social services of the natives have been "sadly neglected." In short, the natives have been paying for services which mainly benefit the white population and he suggests that the native tax should be reduced from 12s. to 6s. a head, and that there is really no possible reason why the white and Indian populations should not be subjected to income tax. The most questionable of his proposals is that the native poll tax should in future be levied by means of stamps attached to the registration certificate that every native carries. Every one who has ever talked to a native of Kenya knows that they regard these certificates or "kipandis" as their worst badge of servitude, and Lord Moyne's proposal would have the incidental effect of making the abolition of the registration system far more difficult. Lord Moyne says nothing of the past, and expresses no indignation that the natives should have been paying annually for some twenty-five years two or three million pounds more than their share in taxation. But he may have felt that moral indignation was not included in his terms of reference. We are grateful to him for performing his practical task and need not complain that he has striven to make his remarks more palatable by a lavish sprinkling of compliments about those of whom his report is really a devastating criticism.

* * *

The Sunday Entertainments Bill has passed its third reading in the House of Commons. It now contains a clause setting up a "Cinematograph Fund," to which part of the profits of Sunday cinemas are to go for the purpose of improving the quality of British films. Though the purpose is admirable (despite the fears expressed by the champions of "low-browism"), there seems no particular reason why the money for it should come exclusively from the profits on Sunday cinemas. But logic is not the strong point of this Bill. It is, in fact, a hotch-potch of compromise, which puts childish restrictions on innocent amusement, without satisfying the unco guid to whom no amusement on Sunday can be innocent, provides a new occupation for municipal kill-joys, and spreads the cloak of hyprocrisy over charity. However, we—or some of us, for it will depend on where we live—are to be allowed to see films on the seventh day, and for this mercy we—or some of us—must be thankful. We are still forbidden to see stage plays. An amendment in favour of Sunday opening of theatres was moved but not carried. That may become a practical issue in the time of our grandchildren.

* * *

Rotherham Public Assistance Committee has fallen foul of the Ministry of Labour over the means test, and has been threatened with supersession by an official, as were the Guardians at West Ham and Chester-le-Street a few years ago. The Rotherham Committee, in spite of repeated warnings, has persisted in defying the Order in Council and showing a highly improper generosity to the applicants for transitional payment, particularly as regards taking into account savings, relatives' earnings, and disability pensions in reckoning the household income, and the Minister is, of course, acting correctly in defending the regulations. Rotherham now promises to toe the line, but the Minister may still have to face similar trouble elsewhere, for the means test is a disgusting business to many local authorities, and still more disgusting to the unemployed. Seldom has a "reform" produced so rich a crop of anomalies, inequities, discontents, and protests. It is not merely the use of poor-law machinery and methods for the testing of needs that is objectionable. An inevitable result of leaving the task to a number of independent local bodies has been an astonishing diversity of policy and assessments as between one area and another. The Ministry of Labour asserts that "the main reason for these divergencies is to be found in the different industrial circumstances of the areas and not in differences of administration." It is true that "different industrial circumstances" help to explain some of the most glaring contrasts—such as that between the figures for Lancashire and for South Wales, for example. But they do not alter the fact that there is a crying

lack of uniformity in administration up and down the country.

* * *

The Cunard Company's experiment in the use of a new fuel compounded of coal and oil has been proclaimed in the newspapers as an established success, likely to have very large results in improving the demand for coal, and decreasing this country's dependence on imported oil-fuel. The Government, it should be noted, takes a more cautious view, and refuses to commit itself for the present to more than a friendly interest in the experiment. The new fuel used by the Cunard Company appears to consist as to 60 per cent. of oil, and as to 40 per cent. of pulverised coal. Its efficiency is stated to be fully as great as if oil alone had been used, but there is as yet no adequate evidence that vessels can be run more cheaply or more efficiently with the new mixture than with either oil or coal. The layman becomes more than a little confused as one process after another is announced as having achieved a revolution in the fuel economy of the transport industries. One day it is hydrogenation, or low-temperature carbonisation; another, pulverised coal; and yet another, mixed coal and oil. No one of these new fuels can be accepted at the value placed upon it by its more enthusiastic advocates, but it does seem reasonable to hope that, by the gradual development of a number of new fuels extracted from coal, the British mining industry may be protected from the catastrophic fall in demand which has threatened it in recent years from both the rivalry of oil and the very great economies which improved boiler plant has caused in the consumption of fuel.

* * *

The former German Finance Minister, Herr Dietrich, has issued a statement of the reasons which led the German Government to acquire a controlling interest in the Steel Trust, the biggest of all the great concerns in the German heavy industries, and one of the largest combines in the world. The holding company which held the control of the Trust was threatened with bankruptcy, and its collapse threatened to bring down the subsidiary concerns connected with it, including the coal industry of Upper Silesia as well as the great steel-producing firms under its control. During the years of intense rationalisation, the direction of the German heavy industries became very closely concentrated in the hands of a small number of great financial syndicates, which are now in danger of bankruptcy owing to the fall in share-values and the heavy burdens of debt which they incurred in the reorganisation of the German industrial system, at a time when it seemed reasonable to plan for a far larger output than there is any hope of marketing to-day. Thus the Reich has been forced to take over, and help to finance, the vital industries of the country as the only means of averting a general financial collapse. What remains to be seen is whether the outcome will be a lasting form of State Socialism, or a gradual liquidation and handing back piecemeal to private enterprise.

* * *

The new Census figures for London are interesting. The population of the County of London decreased by 87,000 between 1921 and 1931, while that of Greater London—the Metropolitan Police district—went up by 723,000, or nearly 10 per cent. This increase is three times as great as the increase in the previous decade, and nearly twice as great as the past ten years' increase for the country as a whole. Thus cold statistical evidence confirms the observations we have all been able to make for ourselves. The growth in the population of Greater London is partly the result of less overcrowding in the centre; and it is satisfactory, so far as it goes, that the percentage of persons recorded as living under overcrowded conditions has fallen from 16 to 13. But a good deal more is due to the growth of industries in the neighbourhood of London, and the steady migration of workers from the old industrial districts into the Home Counties. The populations of such places as Bermondsey and Poplar have indeed fallen, and we may be thankful for it. But Hendon has added 58,000, and Dagenham 80,000; and both Ilford and Croydon have gone up by more than 40,000. London spreads out farther and farther into the surrounding country, especially above the lines of the great arterial roads. And the reverse of the medal is the progressive depopulation of South Wales and other depressed areas. People have been saying for a long time past that London is too big; but it acts as a magnet to the new industries and services which are the expression of changing demand, and we have not yet discovered how to limit or control its growth.

* * *

The ambiguous position of the Liberal party's official "leaders" has at least done much to stimulate interest in the party's future, and partly for this reason this year's Liberal Summer School promises to be of exceptional interest. The school opens at Oxford on July 28th, and will be in session for a week. Its addresses and discussions will deal in the main with various aspects of the world crisis; Mr. H. G. Wells, Sir Norman Angell, Lord Cecil, Sir Walter Layton and Sir Arthur Salter are among those who have promised to participate. One day will be devoted to a series of short papers by a group of "candidates and others" whose sympathies are definitely "Radical"; they have been working collectively for several months at a restatement of policy. Our contributor "Caliban" is, we understand, mixed up with this group; so at any rate it can be relied on to provide some posers for its critics. Readers desiring further particulars of the school can obtain them from 42, Parliament Street, S.W.1.

* * *

We have been asked by a number of correspondents for further details of the War-resistance Congress which is to meet at Geneva on July 28th. It has now the support of many well-known people in most European countries. In England the list of supporters includes not only well-known Labour leaders but also such names as Bertrand Russell, Sir Laurence Binyon, G. D. H. Cole, Leonard and Virginia Woolf and Hugh Walpole. Perhaps more important is the support that the Congress is receiving from working-class delegates. The object appears to be to create an international organisation of workers and intelligentsia which could be mobilised in case of a threat of war and which could act more effectively than the Second International which proved so dismal a failure in 1914.

GOING BACKWARDS IN INDIA

MR. CHURCHILL always blows the gaff. On the last occasion that Sir Samuel Hoare declared that his Indian policy was merely a continuation of that pursued by Mr. Wedgwood Benn and Lord Irwin, Mr. Churchill blandly tore away the disguise and congratulated Sir Samuel on his conversion to the policy of the firm hand. And so in this week's Indian debate Sir Samuel one again claimed that the policy of repression had successfully scotched the activities of Congress, announced that there was no reason to have any more of these tiresome conferences, and that his new Federal scheme could be imposed on India without more than a few discussions with individual Indians. Mr. Churchill was delighted. This meant, he said, that the future of India was once more a question for Parliament to decide: "It removes this question from the hateful area of a negotiated treaty like the Irish Treaty." It meant, he said, that we in England must "take our own decision and extend to the people of India such further devolutions of power from this House as we think proper." That is what Sir Samuel's policy would involve if it could be carried through. His speech marks the end of three years' effort to make a constitution by agreement.

In view of the opinions expressed at the Round Table Conference, it is not difficult to see why Sir Samuel Hoare now thinks it wiser not to resume the conference method. On some points, such as the question of abolishing the financial control from Whitehall, the Indian delegation, including the European representatives from India, were practically unanimous. Sir Samuel Hoare and the India Office, who are determined to retain that control, naturally prefer only to discuss the subject with hand-picked Indians and not to run the risk of a public declaration by a unanimous Indian delegation.

Sir Samuel's speech has at least clarified the Government's policy. There is to be no more nonsense about treating Indians as equals. They are back again in their position as inferiors whose advice may occasionally be asked, but who can claim no right to a voice in deciding their own constitution. In the whole of his speech the Secretary for India showed no trace of sympathy with the nationalist aspirations of Indians. He still regards Congress as a conspiracy to be suppressed by force. The rule of the Ordinances was, he explained, to be retained except in some unspecified districts where everything is reported to be quiet. What effect can such a speech have in India? Its reception in the Indian press has been exactly that which any informed observer would expect. Its most devastating result, however, is not that it must harden the attitude of the sympathisers with Congress, but that it will come as a final blow to the hopes of many moderate Indians who have been striving to believe in the sincerity of the British Government's declarations of goodwill even while their friends were being beaten in the street or imprisoned for their political opinions.

What, one wonders, does Sir Samuel expect to achieve by his policy? We do not for a moment doubt that the Indian Government is capable of forcibly repressing Congress for a long time to come. But an Indian Constitution means nothing unless it is accepted by the leaders of Indian opinion. The leaders are in gaol. When challenged Sir Samuel showed no signs of any intention of releasing Gandhi or any of his colleagues even for the purpose of discussion. If there are elections, as there must be, no one seriously doubts that Congress will carry far more weight in India than any other possible party. During the debate Miss Rathbone read a letter from Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, who is one of the most distinguished of Indian Liberals, and who has never been suspected of sympathy with civil disobedience. "I am absolutely certain," he wrote, "that the sentiment of the people is decidedly anti-Government, and I have no doubt whatsoever that if Congress should decide to contest the election they will sweep the board nearly everywhere." If that were true before Sir Samuel's declaration—and Sir Tej is as good a judge as anyone alive—how much more true must it be now when Indians realise that the Ordinances are to continue and that the new Constitution is to be thrust upon them with or without their approval?

The new Constitution will be introduced in an atmosphere calculated to blight a much healthier plant. It will necessarily seem to Indians an alien thing, even more suspect than the 1920 reforms. If Sir Samuel does not even propose to give an opportunity to the Federal Structure Sub-committee of the Round Table Conference to discuss and report on the all-important problem of the "safeguards," to whom in India does he look for support? And if Ministers can be found—and there are always available some tame Indians even if no one has previously heard their names—they will have no substantial backing and they will be hampered in the attempt to work Provincial autonomy by the disasterous financial position into which most of the Provinces have been allowed to drift during the last few years. What chance of success will a new, supposedly popular Government have if it takes office at a time when all the social services are being cut down to the lowest conceivable point? Of all this Sir Samuel said nothing, nor did he even refer to the suggestion put forward in the Simon Report, that Great Britain might at least take some of the Imperial expenses—part, for instance, of the year's cost of defence—from the shoulders of India. Such a promise would have been recognised by moderate opinion in India as an act of generosity, and the relief could have been given in a form which would have greatly improved our trading relations with India. Nor did Sir Samuel refer to the proposal put forward by a responsible section of Indian Civil Servants, who suggested that, if the Government of India were really going to be handed over to Indians in the not distant future, it was time to slacken the recruitment of British Civil Servants for India and to arrange for the gradual winding up of the Indian Civil Service. No suggestion would have done so much to prove British sincerity or to conciliate moderate opinion in India. But Sir Samuel did not touch on these matters; he is apparently as willing to antagonise his friends in India as he is anxious to defeat his opponents. The result of allowing Sir Samuel his own way will shortly be that England will have no friends left in India.

CANADA AND THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

TORONTO, June 1932.

IN the years before the great depression Canada, with a population of 10,000,000 people, had made herself the fifth most important trading nation in the world. We had carried the exploitation of our natural resources, agricultural, forest and mineral, so far that our whole economic life had come to depend upon our ability to sell our surplus products to the world at large. It was impossible for a population of 10,000,000 to consume them at home and live to itself. In the process we had piled up a mountain of debt, public and private, which we could only hope to liquidate by our continued success in world trade. We ought to have been the most internationally minded people in the world.

What has happened to us in the present crisis is most simply shown by our external trade figures. In the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1930, our exports amounted to $1,120,258,302, and our imports to $1,248,273,582. Two years later, in the fiscal year which has just ended with March, 1932, exports had sunk to $576,344,302, and imports to $578,517,714. The result has been increasing unemployment and distress. Comprehensive unemployment figures for Canada are unobtainable, but three economists of the University of Toronto have recently estimated that in the eight industrial groups for which employment statistics are compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics—manufacturing, logging, mining, communications, transportation, construction, service, trade—there were in March, 1932, over 725,000 unemployed, representing 36 per cent. of the total force employed in those industries. This is the result of a steady growth from 14 per cent. in March, 1929. Private businesses of all kinds are carried on with increasing difficulty. Rising relief expenditure and falling tax revenues have practically bankrupted a good many municipalities, and several of the provinces are only getting on with help from the Ottawa treasury. The Dominion Government itself has balanced its own budget only by the transparent device of not including agricultural and unemployment relief expenditures in the balance. And in addition it has millions to make up on the losses incurred by the national railways owing to the unprecedented slump in traffic, which is, of course, mainly due to our failure to sell wheat, lumber, newsprint and minerals abroad.

Mr. Bennett came into power nearly two years ago with the policy of solving our economic problems by shutting out foreign competitors from the Canadian market. He has pursued this policy with an almost insane singleness of mind. But, of course, our primary producers cannot find any satisfactory compensation in the Canadian market for the world market upon which they depend, and if they cannot sell to the world they cannot buy the products of Canadian manufacturers. So the Prime Minister stands proudly amidst ruined farmers, tottering industrialists and worried bankers, with the boast that in the last few months he has given us a favourable balance of trade. His own bad temper in debate is perhaps a sign that some suspicion begins to penetrate his mind that there must be a flaw in his argument somewhere.

The tariff has been raised to fantastic heights and control over it has been taken out of the hands of Parliament altogether. In 1930 and 1931, most schedules were raised and many of the duties were enormously increased by adding specific duties to the *ad valorem* rates. The Government also took power, however, to increase these rates through orders-in-council, by arbitrary valuations on imported commodities, and by dump duties imposed to compensate for the fall in foreign currencies. Since then a regular reign of terror has been established among importers. The Cabinet, with the enthusiastic assistance of the officials of the Customs Department, who could not be more zealous if their wages were paid by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association itself, has been tireless in devising expedients for making importation difficult. Incidentally, as no English industrialists need to be told, these manipulations have fallen with especial severity upon British textiles. The present Government has leapt with alacrity to do the bidding of our Canadian textile interests, whose campaign contributions in 1930, even if they were as large as gossip reports, have been amply recompensed.

This is the Government which will meet the other governments of the Commonwealth at Ottawa this summer. If the Imperial Conference is to accomplish anything it must obviously lower the tariff barriers which now impede the interchange of commodities among the countries of the Empire. But the plain fact is that our Canadian Government has so far shown not the slightest sign that it has departed from the principles laid down by Mr. Bennett at the Conference of 1930. He there proposed not to lower intra-imperial tariff walls but to heighten the walls against the rest of the world; and, in enunciating his Canada First policy, he was explicit in stating his determination to protect, not merely existing Canadian industries, but industries which might come into operation in the future. He has, it is true, made trade treaties in the meantime with Australia and New Zealand which represent a partial departure from the dogma that Canadian producers are entitled to a monopoly of the Canadian market. But it is significant that the interests which were selected for sacrifice on these two occasions were our agricultural ones. We got better terms for Canadian manufactures in the Australian and New Zealand markets (where, by the way, they will now compete more effectively with English manufactures) on condition that we admitted butter, wool, and such products from the South Pacific to compete with our Canadian farm products. The doctrine of complete protection for Canadian producers extends only to those producers who contribute to the Conservative campaign funds.

Our trade with the outer Empire is, however, merely a trifle in our total trade figures. It is the trade with England which really counts; and unfortunately the goods which England wishes to sell us come into competition with the products of those very interests which control our Conservative Party. It is amusing to read our Conservative newspapers just now and to observe how they combine a fervid passion for increased Imperial trade with an uncanny skill in avoiding mention of any of the commodities which we are to buy from England in increased quantities. English industrialists who have visited Canada recently have been so careful not to offend the susceptibilities of our manufacturers that they have only asked admission to our markets for those classes of goods which are not at present made in Canada. Thus they have helped to strengthen the impression that any Canadian manufacturer has a natural right to exploit the Canadian market in his own lines without competition from outside. There are plenty of Canadian consumers who do not accept this monstrous doctrine, but they will not be represented at Ottawa this summer.

But whether we favour high or low tariffs, all schemes for creating a closed economic system in the Empire break down upon the hard fact that Canada is no longer a member of the economic British Empire. We have steadily been getting out of the Empire, and any attempt to restrict our trade channels within Imperial boundaries would be contrary to our economic interests. Canada simply does not fit into the new mercantilism of the Third British Empire any more than the New England colonies fitted into the mercantile system of the First Empire.

In the fiscal year 1932 Canada bought 74.4 per cent. of her imports and sold 62 per cent. of her exports outside the Empire. When and if we recover from the high tariff madness which now possesses us, we shall realise that our true interest consists in increasing our trade contacts with

all the world and not merely with British countries. In the meantime our tariff madness stands in the way of any effective bargain with Great Britain. The only hope for real results from the Ottawa Conference is that sometime within the next month, while in the very midst of new persecutions against British imports, Mr. Bennett may go through an experience similar to that which happened to St. Paul upon the road to Damascus. But the age of miracles is past.

It should be added that of the total investment in Canada by British and foreign countries, which is estimated to be over $6,000,000,000, 61 per cent. comes from the United States and only 36 per cent. from Great Britain. More than half of the foreign investments of Canadians are in the United States. Another bond with our neighbour is the immense tourist traffic which crosses the boundary in both directions. All these factors, when considered along with our trade figures, would seem to make the project of tying Canada to a sterling group somewhat fantastic.

What should be sought at Ottawa, therefore, is some good face-saving formula. The British delegation should take care to bring along plenty of experts who have had experience in drafting reports for international disarmament conferences. If they bring too many representatives who show themselves to be really in earnest, tempers are liable to be lost on both sides and then we shall have more incidents like the humbug speech. For Ottawa is a damnably hot and uncomfortable place in August. F. H. U.

A LONDON DIARY

MR. HOOVER is as pusillanimous in home politics as he is occasionally bold in foreign politics. The wet-dry plank he has dictated for the Republican platform is a masterpiece of evasion. I should have thought that all the signs showed that the American people want a chance to express themselves on the question of Prohibition at the election. The Democrats—whose eastern Labour element is very wet, and whose southern farmer element is very dry—might have been excused for producing such a plank. But the Republicans, in spite of Mr. Hoover, could have won the election either as a wet party or as a dry party. Whether they can win it as a merely muddy party is doubtful. Senator Borah is already threatening to desert them, characterising Mr. Hoover's effort as "cowardly, deceptive and obscure." In a speech in the Senate on June 20th he hinted that he might found a third party, in defence of Prohibition. This would be the end of the Republicans in the coming election; but it must be remembered that Senator Borah's bark has never yet been the prelude to even the feeblest nibble.

* * *

Theoretically, no one need ever be hungry in England. If you have not got a job or a dole, the Public Assistance Committee is bound to see that you have food and shelter. If you are destitute the Relieving Officer may not refuse you maintenance. But administration and theory do not always tally. Take a few actual cases—a few which are typical of many I could give. They come from the same London Borough and I can vouch for their accuracy. A man with a good job fell seriously ill and went to hospital, leaving his wife and three children at home. They lived on the food in the house until it was exhausted, when the woman applied for relief. She was given a 1s. ticket for bread, a 2s. 6d. ticket for meat, a 6s. 6d. ticket for groceries —10s. worth of food in all—and was told that it must last a week. Is 10s. worth of food enough to keep a woman and three children from hunger for a week? Not far away an unemployed man lives with his wife and one child. There is nothing in the house and a "gap" of seven days before the man can draw his unemployment money. To keep the three of them for the week the Public Assistance Committee gave them tickets for 3s. worth of groceries, 2s. worth of meat, and 1s. worth of meal or flour. No money was given to them and they were told they would get nothing else for the week. In another still worse case a family of seven persons, with no resources of any kind, was expected to live for the week on 9s. worth of grocery tickets.

* * *

In some cases it is the Public Assistance Committee which is at fault. They do not by any means always carry out the L.C.C. recommendation to give relief half in kind and half in cash. Sometimes it is rather the Relieving Officer of whom I complain. These men have the old Poor Law tradition behind them, and many of them assume that each applicant is a wangler until he can prove that he is really destitute. The result of the bullying method is, of course, not to turn off the wangler, but the shy people who have always been respectable and hate the very thought of asking for relief. A bad case came to my knowledge last week. A man who had no food of any sort in the house and a wife with a small baby applied to the Relieving Officer, who started by telling him that he presumed it was his own fault he had lost his job (which had nothing to do with the Relieving Officer, anyway), and who finally agreed, after being shown satisfactory references from the man's employers, to come round and see about his case next day. "Next day" proved to be midday, and during that twenty-four hours the baby would have had no milk at all if a friend of mine had not given the wife a shilling. Here you have a case of a Relieving Officer who is clearly quite unsuited to his job. With destitution on its present scale, the Relieving Officer has every opportunity to be a petty tyrant. Many destitute women do not know their "rights" and few of them are in a position to stand up to a Relieving Officer and tell him that they have a statutory right to food if they have finished the very inadequate quantity which was given them with instructions to make it last a week. In one case I know a very "respectable" family, father, mother, and three children, were found sitting in an empty room (all the furniture was pawned) on Friday morning, having eaten the bread and margarine allowed them on the previous Monday. They had not thought of going to the Relieving Officer again, because he had shouted at them and told them that that was all they would get until the following Monday. Obviously, one of the changes that should have accompanied the "end of the Poor Law" was the appointment of a different kind of Relieving Officer with a better education and a different tradition.

* * *

Londoners, and indeed all Englishmen, should be interested in the plans for the new University buildings in Bloomsbury. London, which received its charter in 1836, is the oldest of the new Universities. It began as a mere examining body, and it was not till near the end of the century that it assumed teaching and research functions. Its 36 constituent schools or colleges, with between 11,000 and 12,000 students, are scattered all over the metropolis, and it is neither possible nor desirable to put them all together on the pattern of Oxford and Cambridge. But what is possible, and has long been wanted, is the establishment of larger and worthier headquarters for the University. The present headquarters in the Imperial Institute at South Kensington are miserably cramped and inconvenient. The new buildings on the splendid Bloomsbury site will cover an area of some ten and a half acres, and will include not only the administration offices, but various University institutions, from the Schools of Oriental and of Slavonic studies to a Great Hall and a Library. The plan will take some years to complete, and the cost will be heavy. A handsome contribution has been made by the Rockefeller Foundation, and among the other donors are the London County Council, Mr. Samuel Courtauld, the Goldsmiths Company, and the

Czechoslovakian Government, which will help to build and equip the School of Slavonic studies. Mr. Charles Holden is the architect and, to judge by the models I have seen, his work will make a notable addition to the beauties of a city where the mean and the ugly still hold vast dominion.

* * *

Though I once lived for eighteen consecutive months on a railway train and travelled over a large part of Northern France on it, I have never dared to pull the communication cord. I met someone the other day who had just done so. The circumstances were these. She caught an early train in order to meet some friends at a small country station for a day's walking. She made careful inquiries and was assured that the train would stop at her station, and indeed at every station, twice, once for the milk cans in the front and once for the passengers at the back. This happened according to plan at each station until the one she wanted. There the train stopped for the milk cans, leaving the passengers to contemplate the permanent way, and then, perhaps because the engine driver forgot, went straight on. Very angry, she pulled the communication cord. Immediately there was a terrifying high-pitched shriek. But the train did not stop. It went on shrieking all the way to the next station. By this time my friend's anger had given way to anxiety. Did the occasion amount to an "emergency"? Was her £5 safe? She got out of the train. Two porters, not worrying in the least about her, walked up to the still shrieking coach and made some adjustment. The shrieking left off; my friend said nothing; nor did anyone else. This story has considerably shaken my confidence in railway companies.

* * *

Of the newspaper extracts sent me this week I award the medal to the following:

> . . . and I am against this Disarmament stunt. And I will tell you why. Get two armies opposing each other with battleaxes or other rough instruments and everybody gets killed. It is only modern science which has made warfare fairly safe.—Lord Castlerosse in the *Sunday Express*.

CRITIC.

REPETITION

I HOPE that the Government will pay no attention to the recommendations of the advisory committee recently appointed to inquire whether sky-writing ought or ought not to be permitted and what restrictions should be imposed if it is permitted. As the committee has found in favour of sky-writing, though under certain restrictions, it was obviously incompetent for the purpose for which it was appointed, and another committee should immediately be chosen which would come to the opposite conclusion.

It is difficult to see a single reason in favour of the new discovery. Ordinary human sympathy whispers to us that it is very hard on a brilliant inventor if he is forbidden to make use of his invention. One hates to see so much intelligence and so many years of labour going for nothing. But that is a sentimental consideration, and has nothing to do with the question whether or not the night sky is a suitable place for advertisements. I have also seen it hinted that the new invention would be useful in case of war. That is an excellent reason why the War Office should secure it, but it is no reason why sky-writing, any more than poison gas, should be inflicted on us in time of peace. A third argument put forward in defence of sky-writing is that, after all, it would do no damage to the beauty of the night sky, since its use would be possible only on cloudy nights. I have sufficient faith in the genius of the inventors, however, to believe that in the course of a few years they would be able to produce their own clouds and to obscure the moon in order to illuminate the virtues of Anti-Adip, the Fat Man's Friend. A bolder argument in favour of the use of the new invention is that those who have seen advertisements flashing from the sky have been enthusiastic in appreciation of their beauty. But are not many people delighted by the electric signs in Piccadilly Circus, and would most of them not be equally delighted if the golden praises of gin and gramophones were traced similarly in fire above the porch of St. Pauls? On the other hand, many people would look on the use of St. Paul's for such a purpose as a desecration, and the mild pleasure of those who liked the signs would be nothing in comparison with the profound misery of those who detested them.

I myself am no hater of advertisements, I felt rather sorry when advertisements were banished from the curtain in the theatre. I do not resent their presence in the programme. The advertisements of Sapolio in the trams were among the favourite reading of my childhood. The merits of Birney's boots are still fixed in my mind because I was told of them incessantly on tram-tickets at the same age. To-day I should feel that a newspaper that contained no advertisements was only half a newspaper. I am interested no less in cures for dizziness and spots before the eyes than in the antics of French and German statesman which cause so many false starts to be made in the great disarmament race. I do not even, as some do, resent the advertisement that comes to me through the post. The bookmaker who so assiduously solicits my custom in a stamped envelope may solicit in vain, but I bear him no malice. But I feel that advertisement has already encroached far enough, perhaps too far, upon our waking hours. We ought to be able for at least part of the day to escape from the insistent pestering of the advertiser. He is a good fellow, but one can have too much of a good fellow. If he were permitted to make use of all the inventions of science, from the megaphone to the microphone, he would become the most maddening bore in the world's history.

The advertiser should always see to it that he does not approach us as an intruder. There are occasions on which he will find us cheerful listeners; there are others on which he is as unwelcome as a chattering woman at a performance of *The Messiah*. The B.B.C. shows an intelligent realisation of the fact in forbidding the use of their entertainments for purposes of advertisement. In America it is the custom to remind the listener while a Bach concert is being broadcast that there is also such a thing as So-and-So's chewing-gum, or to make a Beethoven quartet a prelude to the praises of Somebody's cigarettes. It is said that a broadcasting station is being planned in Ireland which will similarly waste one's accumulator and one's time with laudations of soap and beer and catarrh cures. Already from France we often hear an announcer's voice telling us the address of a shop, the address of which we do not want to know. Now it is obvious that, human nature being so various, it would not be possible to construct a wireless programme that would satisfy everybody. But probably everything in every programme, as it is arranged in England, satisfies somebody. One cannot say that anything in the programmes is absolutely superfluous. It is because advertisements through the microphone are utterly superfluous that we resent their intrusion. We do not turn on the wireless in the hope of hearing some razor blade praised above its rivals. Nor would it increase our pleasure to be informed, before a famous violinist began to play, that he was paid by the manufacturer of Porcofino Sausages. The worlds of art and advertisement cannot be blended in this fashion. As well might the publisher of a new edition of *Paradise Lost* intersperse through the text vehement appeals to use this man's pills and that man's hair restorer. As well might Mr. Cochran announce that he was open to receive offers from advertisers for the insertion of references to their wares in the text of *Helen*. Mr. Robey's Menelaus could in this way, I am sure, secure enormous publicity for the ideal bloater-paste or the perfect insecticide. But I doubt whether even Mr. Robey could reconcile us to

seeing an entertainment turned into an advertisers' loud speaker.

If advertising were never out of place, there would be no reason why the War Office should not make large sums of money by letting out the backs of soldiers' uniforms to advertisers. Soldiers on the march might also carry flags to inform us that Skegness is bracing or that stout will do us good. The Church of England might similarly enrich itself by offering to have advertisements of dentifrice and electric combs read from every pulpit in the land before the sermon. Great cricketers might add to their slender pay if they were allowed, before leaving the pavilion, to shout through a microphone to the crowd the information that they always smoke Anti-Cough Cigarettes and that every morning in the bath-room they gargle with Throatine.

Everybody, I assume, will agree that a world in which such things happened would be little removed from a hell upon earth. For there is nothing on earth more hellish than to have one's ears perpetually assailed by something that one does not wish to hear. That is why one begins to feel that one is going mad if one is left too long in the company of a bore. We do not want to hear him, and yet we are compelled to hear him. And to be compelled to see what we do not want to see would be an equally mad-making experience. I cannot imagine how any human being, after the first novelty had worn off, could feel in any way happier from looking up at the night-sky only to discover that Pimplo cured pimples, or that bottled rhubarb squash was the best summer drink. Why should the sky any more than the sea be allowed to vex us with these purchased iterations? The sky no less than the sea, the mountains, the forests and the fields, is a source of endless pleasure to human beings, and is no more suited to the uses of advertisements than great poetry or great music. It is the possession of all who live beneath it, or ought to be, and to lease a patch of it to the manufacturer of a corn-cure would be an intolerable outrage. Rather than be pestered by advertisements from the sky, would I be pestered by men trying to sell me plants in the streets all day long. Rather would I have a cornet soloist playing outside my house from morning till night. But I do not think it will happen. Let us at least try to prevent it by appointing another committee and telling it which way to vote.

Y. Y.

THE MECHANISATION OF AGRICULTURE

IN the old days we used to regard the vagaries of the English climate as an uncontrollable menace to the farmer's progress. Farm he never so well, a wet hay or corn harvest might prove fatal to his hopes and reduce his profits to vanishing point. In the anxious days of the Great War the perils of a wet summer were recognised not only by agriculturists but by the Governments of the time. If the corn had been under recent rain harvesting was impossible. Then came a change; first the tractor and then the harvester thresher, with drier installed on the farm premises, revolutionised the situation.

In September last, on one of those farms where combined harvesting is practised, more than an inch of rain fell before noon. Then Jupiter Pluvius retired content with the damage he had done and the sun took charge. By 3.30 p.m. it was possible to set the Combine at work, and four hours later it had cut and threshed 63 sacks of wheat with an average moisture content of nearly 33 per cent. At 9 p.m. all this wheat had been put through the drier and the moisture content reduced to 19 per cent. at the rate of 12 sacks per hour. On the following morning the grain was again dried and the moisture brought down to 15 per cent. at the rate of 20 sacks per hour. Had the ordinary farming methods prevailed on this holding the wheat then ready for market in safe and sound millable condition would have been left in "stooks," deteriorating rapidly.

This striking example shows us that the time is not far distant when the weather factor will be ruled out on those farms that are equipped to take full advantage of modern discovery. The parent of development in the world of agricultural engineering is the Institute at Oxford, which was established in 1924, and, after passing through troubled times for which it cannot be held responsible, is now developing many useful activities.

Farm machinery is a luxury to-day because bad harvests and ruinous prices have depleted the farmers' resources, and there must be hundreds of men in this country, fully alive to the possibility of mechanisation, owning land suitable for work along the new lines, and quite unable to provide the money to pay for the machinery that would turn possible losses into certain profit. Their earliest experiences with the farm tractor, chiefly in the form of a Fordson with an Oliver plough, did not dispose them to regard tractors with favour, and, to make matters worse, they had nobody on their staff familiar with the elements of the mechanic's craft. If things went wrong they would leave their tractor in the middle of a furrow and wait until some men whose competence was probably imaginary came and tinkered with it. That is why, at the end of the war, you could pick up Fordsons at scrap-iron prices and make no good bargain in the picking up. Since that time all machinery has improved immensely, but we had to wait until 1928 for the first combined harvester to be seen in England, and in 1931 there were only 10 in use, though they were serving farms with an aggregate area of over 6,000 acres. In spite of foul weather all ten "Combines" proved their economic value.

The Institute at Oxford is helping experiments in mechanised farming carried out on holdings of Magdalen and St. John's Colleges, and Dr. Denham, the Institute's new Director, would like to see many contractors with harvesters at work throughout England, believing that they would make plenty of money and give the farmers real advantages if they could but establish central granaries in suitable spots with proper drying and cleaning plant. This would enable the farmer of moderate means to carry out his harvest operations at a greatly reduced cost and with a measure of security that is at present denied him. And it would give the miller grain in bulk.

One of the troubles that faces the agricultural industry when it has turned, and it is in the process of turning, to mechanisation, lies in the unfortunate fact that agricultural implement manufacture in this country, though good, is not up to the general engineering standard. This is quite easy to understand. The sale of tractors in Great Britain does not, at present, exceed 2,000 a year, and the great masters of mechanical transport do not find it worth their while to lay down the plant and carry out the experiments necessary to produce the cheap and efficient machines for which the demand will, very presently, come with a rush. If men like Sir William Morris or Sir Herbert Austin could be persuaded to take the long view and devote some of their ample resources to solving their country's agricultural problem, they would, in all probability, not only deserve well of England, but of their shareholders, too, because everything points to the spread of the machine, though not necessarily, I think, to the reduction of man-power—save through the period of transition.

What is needed most is a plentiful supply of good, cheap machinery on the hire-purchase system, together with an extension in the contractors' business. In the old days men took the cumbersome steam engines from farm to farm for cable ploughing and cultivation and did well. Now, if they will, they could take lighter and more effective machinery and do better. We have to admit, at once, that

America and Canada are in advance of us in the making of agricultural machinery; they have to cater for vast prairies and for provinces in each of which all our arable area could be hidden and lost. But there is no reason why we should not adopt the best features of their machinery to suit our needs, and in this way it would be easily possible to produce so much food that, given an equitable system of distribution, we should have no reason to fear either crises at home or devastating competition from exporting countries.

The development of mechanised arable farming must tend to increase to an enormous extent those milling offals which we now send out of the country. If this export business brought no penalties in its train it would be impossible to criticise it, but the price of sending certain offals out must be met by bringing oil and cotton cake in, and if we were to retain our offals and to increase them, as we should do if mechanisation were developed, we could feed far more stock and produce far more meat, milk, pork and poultry. It is along these lines that we should solve the problem of displacement that mechanised arable farming would bring about. So soon as you have your tractors and combined harvesters at work over the arable area, not only do you minimise or even rule out the accidents of weather, but you reduce the cost of production in such a fashion that the present guaranteed wheat price of 45s. will soon be susceptible of some reduction. It is curious to note that the men who have hitherto been experimenting most successfully with Combines are engineers as well as farmers. Mr. Nevile, of Wellingore, for example, is a trained engineer, and his training not only makes him a first-class judge of machinery, but has enabled him to construct his own drier and teach his own staff.

It would appear that in the near future a knowledge of engineering as well as farming will give the best assurance of success. It may be objected that farmers do not hold land on a sufficiently large scale in this country to make mechanisation pay, but within a few miles of Oxford, on a college farm, there is one farmer who practises mechanisation on a 450-acre holding; he has divided it into two fields!

While mechanisation takes firm root in these islands—and the number of inquiries received from landowners at the Oxford Institute increases week by week—the Institute, which is maintained by the Ministry of Agriculture, is performing a very useful work by giving an individual test to any machine that its makers like to submit. The test can be short or seasonal, "public" or "confidential," and the machine may be operated by hand, horse-tractor or other power. The maker must send in a complete specification and a copy of any written matter in connection with it, this written matter being described on the Ministry's form as "literature." The farmer who desires to buy a machine would do well to inquire if it has been tested at Oxford and, if so, what the result was.

I recall in this connection an incident that occurred only last year on a farm in which I was interested. An effusive gentleman called at the office, at a time when I happened to be in, to ask the Director of Farming to purchase a piece of agricultural machinery. I said to the salesman: "Can you let me have the report of the Oxford Institute of Agricultural Engineering?" And this simple request annoyed him extremely. He explained at considerable length that neither the Institute nor the Ministry of Agriculture is to be trusted. They both lacked his practical knowledge of the worth of this particular machine, and to have submitted it to them would have been a waste of time and money, because their intelligence was not equal to the task of grasping its worth. When I told him gently that, having known both the Ministry and the Institute longer than I had had the pleasure of knowing him, I could not advise any purchase without their certificate, he became unnecessarily blunt and went his way in search of fresh fools and pastures new.

The Institute at Oxford serves many useful purposes and is carrying out a great number of painstaking experiments, particularly in the matter of the drawbar pull and adhesion of tractors, to which immense importance attaches. But for the average farmer perhaps its most useful work at present is this examination of new machinery, which saves men who have very little capital from falling a victim to mealy-mouthed travellers.

S. L. B.

Correspondence

THE HOOVER PROPOSALS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—No more important decision has faced the British Government and people since the opening of the Disarmament Conference than that which has now to be taken on Mr. Hoover's proposals. Mr. Stimson's cordial thanks for the support Sir John Simon gave to the plan on the spur of the moment at Geneva are a good augury for the prospects of Anglo-American co-operation in the near future. The next step should be an unqualified declaration of British readiness to accept the plan—for the following reasons.

In the first place, nothing would do more to promote the success of British policy at Lausanne, and the wiping out of war debts as well as of reparations, than agreement at Geneva to a measure of disarmament not less than Mr. Hoover has proposed.

Secondly, if the pledge of the Allied and Associated Powers is to be honoured, the Geneva Conference must result in the renunciation by all States of at least some of the weapons which were forbidden to Germany by the Peace Treaties. This is the chief argument for abolishing these weapons which are also, as the British Foreign Secretary has pointed out, those best calculated to make sudden attack successful. They are tanks, heavy mobile artillery, military aircraft, gas, submarines and monster warships over 10,000 tons. Mr. Hoover's plan goes a long way towards their abolition. He would wipe out tanks, heavy mobile guns and all bombing planes. He would diminish the permissible tonnage for submarines and reduce the number of monster warships by one third.

Finally, Mr. Hoover's proposals involve a minimum of "sacrifice" by this country. Apart from the five battleships or battle-cruisers which we (and the United States) should give up in the course of the next four and a half years, and our oldest aircraft carrier (*Argus*), which would have to be paid off two years before her time, not a single British ship would have to be scrapped under Mr. Hoover's plan which is not already due to disappear under the London Treaty by the end of 1936. The British Empire would retain the fifteen 8-inch gun cruisers permitted by the London Treaty (while the United States would be limited to fifteen 8-inch gun cruisers instead of the eighteen permitted by the London Treaty). On the other hand, under Mr. Hoover's plan, the only new naval construction permitted to the British Empire before the end of 1936 would be 60,000 tons of destroyers or flotilla leaders, instead of some 100,000 tons of destroyers, 15,000 tons of submarines, and 81,000 tons of 6-inch gun cruisers allowed by the London Treaty.

As regards the British army, Mr. Hoover's plan would involve no reduction in the personnel, although some rearrangement would be rendered necessary by the disappearance of tanks. The Royal Air Force might have to be halved, but the addition to our security from the corresponding cut in the Continental air forces would fully compensate for this reduction.

Why, then, should not the British Government accept the plan at once—and then take the initiative in persuading the Conference to agree that the remaining weapons forbidden to Germany shall also be gradually abandoned by all States?

The Athenæum, S.W.1. MAXWELL GARNETT.

THE IRISH PROBLEM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As a Protestant Ulsterman whose one political passion is to see Anglo-Irish relationship established on a firm and lasting basis, I find the present controversy over the Irish Oath Bill a saddening spectacle—all the more saddening in that the inevitability of that conflict could have been foretold with scientific accuracy; and was in fact foretold by myself both in print and

on public platforms as early as 1927. All that was necessary for the calculation was a knowledge of the working of the Irish and English minds, plus a matter of controversy, in this specific instance that magnificent political experiment, the British Commonwealth of Nations. To the excessively logical Irishman the title of that experiment has always been "British Commonwealth of *Nations*"; to the excessively illogical Englishman merely a convenient phrase covering the transition from an *imperium* to something over which he has no desire to philosophise in advance. Naturally, there was bound to be trouble. To the Irishman the present popular use of the phrase British Commonwealth of Nations, trailing as it does clouds of Imperial autocracy, is merely a contradiction in terms. What, he asks in effect, is the use of talking about a commonwealth of nations if the constitutional framework of one of the component units precludes the democratic expression of political opinion within that unit?

That, I think, might be taken as a fair expression of Mr. De Valera's point of view over the Oath Bill. What, however, I should like to know as a layman without access (other than the misleading and conflicting accounts in the daily press of both countries) to the essential documents is this:

Does the text of the Statute of Westminster at any point expressly exclude the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921 *from the field of its operation?*

If it does, then it seems to me that Mr. De Valera is clearly in the wrong, and, as a fellow-countryman, I must reluctantly disagree with him. If it does not, then surely Mr. De Valera has a case and there is room for further negotiation?

I put forward this point diffidently and as a layman anxious for enlightenment. What exactly is this Statute of Westminster? And may not the key to the Irish viewpoint lie hidden somewhere in that mysterious document?

DENIS IRELAND.

90 Eglantine Avenue,
Belfast.

THE TRUE WOMAN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It was a good idea to give my book on *The True Woman* to a true woman to review, and from my point of view you are fully justified by the result, for Miss Benson's review illustrates my whole thesis so perfectly. Of course, Miss Benson, having that insight which I so much admire in woman, sees at a glance that my book, whatever its defects, is certainly not written out of *books*. As a matter of fact, except for Mr. Mencken's, which was in some sense the cause of it, I have never read a book about woman in my life. I haven't time for much reading, and what I do read is of a different kind. Miss Benson also, no doubt, discerns that I am a person who is not used to writing books at all (I am a dramatist who has never written a "book" as such before); who is not a "clever" person, doesn't live in the literary set, do reviews, or anything of that kind. Now, had a male reviewer had the insight to see these things (which even he probably might), he would have seized on them as my weak spots. He could have got out of them quite a lot of amusing contempt of the type, "If Mr. Munro had ever read . . . he would know that. . . ." But think how this pales beside Miss Benson's performance! Her immediate reaction—it was probably quite unconscious—is to declare that my book is written *completely* out of and in relation to books. I feel, she says, that I am "the only clever man left in England who has not yet shied his cocoanut at the Aunt Sally called Woman," and so on. In other words, her method is simply to say I am all the things I most certainly am not, knowing with devilish feminine cunning that a charge of which you are innocent is much more exasperating than one of which you are guilty.

Of course, actually, it is Miss Benson who is bookish. She wonders why such a book as mine should be read. I will tell her. Because it might be regarded as *useful*, and that it has already struck quite a number of people as being of practical use I have the best reason for believing. But usefulness is, no doubt, a low, unliterary function for a book to perform, that had not occurred to Miss Benson. Unless a book deals with the *ultimate truth* about woman, it is nothing. "Nobody—least of all, Mr. Munro—knows what real women would say if for several thousand years tradition had sanctioned the payment to women of real wages for real work." May I suggest to Miss Benson that what is of practical importance is not what woman would say on an hypothesis about as remote as that human beings should have five legs, but what she does say and do *here* and *now*?

I could therefore be angry with Miss Benson for casting her literary glamour over what is really an important practical issue, and refusing to deal with it in a simple, straightforward way. But were I to do so, I should only be falling into the trap which woman always sets for man. For, of course, all this ultimate truth business is only one more handful of dust of the kind that woman habitually throws in the eyes of man, so that she can get on with what she is doing without his interference.

Gt. Missenden, Bucks. C. K. MUNRO.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Perhaps, as a writer of one of the "Books about Women" (so contemptuously referred to by Stella Benson in your issue of June 25th), I may be allowed a few words.

Her thesis is, I presume, that there is no such thing as Woman (or Man either)—only individuals. Any apparent general characteristics are caused by social suggestion. Is it possible that Miss Benson denies altogether the results of modern biology and psychology? Has she read Jung or Adler on the "woman question"? Has she ever heard of Havelock Ellis?

Her review is of great interest to the student of feminism, because it shows, once again, that antagonism to science and reason, that purely *emotional* attitude towards social problems, which has always characterised the woman's movement. To deny, as she does, that there are any differences (other than those accidental or individual) between the sexes is a roundabout way of saying that mind and body have no connection. Does she believe this? Of course not; but her attitude being purely emotional, she has never thought the matter out to its conclusions. In reality, the profound divergence of structure between men and women *must* be accompanied by mental cleavages of a more or less clearly defined type, unless we accept the above disconnection in all its absurdity.

To put the matter with stark simplicity, does anyone actually believe that the possession by Woman (and by Man, too, in another sense) of a complex and vitally significant mechanism of racial reproduction is completely without influence upon mind and character? Preposterous!

It is amazing how, under the influence of a vague doctrinaire abstraction called "sex equality" large masses of people have now become blind to the most obvious biological truths. To them every attempt to arrive at a scientific sex psychology suggests some "inferiority" of women, and is taboo.

MEYRICK BOOTH.

A MANAGED CURRENCY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—From Mr. Davenport's reply to my criticism of his proposals it is obvious that we take such divergent views on a number of fundamental matters that it is difficult for us to appreciate each other's arguments.

Mr. Davenport now makes it plain that he takes it for granted (with scarcely concealed pleasure) that international trade as we have known it for several centuries is doomed and that we must inevitably lapse into a primitive system of "bartering our products for the foodstuffs and raw materials of our customers." The varying types of parliamentary government by which the leading countries of the world are controlled may be inept, but I differ from him if he thinks we are right in assuming that their ineptitude is such as to justify his anticipations. He is content with a merely national basis for his proposal; "my composite commodity price index is not an international but a national index." I am afraid I am convinced that any attempt to deal with the present world crisis is inadequate if designed on such a limited scale, even if extended to the "sterling group" and accompanied by an invitation to other nations to join us. It is perhaps because of our different attitude in this respect that he does not see any good in my suggestion for using the League of Nations and its machinery.

Mr. Davenport asserts that he is aware that trade is triangular, and concedes that "*when* several countries have agreed under trade treaties to co-operate in a clearing house on the lines I have suggested, triangular trade will be taken into account." This clearly envisages a complete stoppage of indirect trade, and after the negotiations of treaties only a partial resumption. The trade barriers of the world may be destructive, but even they seem incapable of such a hold-up of international commerce as that.

His next proposal is that "we should preserve our freedom of

action" under his system "by allowing our exchange rates to move freely." I suppose he contemplates other countries following our example until we have the unnerving spectacle of a world of nations all with freely moving exchanges. Such a hideous conception may not appear a nightmare in the Athenæum Club, from which secluded spot Mr. Davenport writes his reply. To a manufacturer who, like myself, has to import a wide range of raw materials from all over the world and who subsequently has to export some of his manufactures, the prospect is alarming. Varying exchanges we have, of course, always had, but the most severe critics of gold must admit that it has provided a common standard of comparison between the currencies of the world. The idea of nationally controlled currencies, with no common link, exulting in their freely moving exchanges is a very different matter.

Mr. Davenport suggests that "the gold standard might work perfectly in a perfect world," and then condemns it because, as we too realise, the world is not perfect. It is much more to the point to remind ourselves that up to the war in a very imperfect world it worked, not perfectly, but at least tolerably. The world to-day differs from its pre-war state in its tariffs, debts, etc., more than in anything else. Achieve amelioration here and international trade will begin to revive. It will be still further encouraged if, as well, we can organise the world's currencies, as outlined in my letter, under international control with gold a useful servant. It is more fruitful to direct our efforts along these lines than to concentrate on producing "something new and revolutionary" or on trying to remove the manifold evils of a universal attack of economic nationalism by fiddling with currency systems.

To hold such views I realise is, according to Mr. Davenport, to be "so much under the influence of Sir Arthur Salter that it is very difficult to argue with" me. While it is conceivable that the influence is not a bad one, it is certain that it is exercised by one who has had experience in facing realities, and facing them in a more instructive arena than Waterloo Place.

The Davids, L. J. CADBURY.
Northfield, Birmingham.

P.S.—The problem of the employer who improves his productive methods still remains unexplained.

MEN LIKE THESE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In Critic's reference in the current *N.S. & N.* to *Men Like These*, he does not mention one of the most glorious phrases from his accompanying spoken commentary. I copied it down in darkness, but I think this rendering is fairly correct:

"The British Navy realises that risks must be run in time of peace in order to ensure safety in time of war."

The intrinsic beauty of its splendidly muddled Britishry grows on me. JUDITH TODD.

Farington Lodge, near Preston.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Thank you for your remarks in this week's STATESMAN on *Men Like These*. I was unlucky enough to miss the first part of the *Mädchen*, and was waiting to see it over again, but submarine heroics drove me away, "cowardly silent" like yourself, but inwardly bubbling. I thought that the contrast in technique alone between the two films was enlightening. The only coherent theme in *Men Like These* seemed to be that submarines are useful in times of peace in order to stage British Pluck Rampant, a strangely perverse brand of stoicism.

Next time I am tempted I shall take courage from you and hiss. UNDERGRADUATE.

SNOBBERY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Is not "Mr." Russell's letter itself a trifle snobbish? Most of us refer to peers by their titles, not because we derive any special satisfaction from so doing, but because to adopt a nomenclature of our own means extra trouble and is bound to cause confusion. In short, peerity, while distinguishable from non-peerity, is not necessarily superior; and for "Mr." Russell to assume that other people assume that peerity *is* superior, and hence to deprecate the use of his title, is where his own touch of snobbery comes in. And I grieve; for none has fought harder than he in the interests of clear thinking.

Anyway, if "Mr." Russell is really worried, why does he not, in his despised capacity of peer, introduce into the House of Lords (*a*) a Bill abolishing titles; or (*b*) a Bill entitling holders of titles to relinquish them; or (*c*) a Bill empowering the Crown to promote to the rank of commoner specially deserving peers?

Shenington. "PHILLIPS."

Miscellany

HEROES

THE most active branch of creative literature, in our time and language, is certainly the novel. And a novel, however elastic the form may be, must, to be one at all, concern itself with the actions and experience—above all, to-day, with the experience—of certain imagined people, and especially of one person, who is known, significantly, as its hero. Significantly, for the word has pedigree. It began by meaning a man who frequently by descent, certainly by quality, was intermediate between common humanity and the gods: then a man who stood out above other men by more wealth than usual of those qualities thought divine. And the central, most interesting person in a fiction was the *hero* because heroic qualities gave him a right to be more interesting than his fellows. He stood out among them, was the centre of events, because, however weakness might overthrow him, however ἁμαρτία crash him beneath their level, he remained somehow always of a larger nature than theirs. It was better worth while to give the main space of your canvas, the converging point of the masses, the central spotlight, to Othello or Lear than to Cassio or Albany: on another scale, to Elizabeth Bennet than to Lydia. Even when the "hero" is a mere convenience, an object in the foreground, by which to focus events more important than he is—an Edward Waverley, in fact—he must be given certain qualities that induce us to feel he deserves a victory in such terms and proportions as are suitable, or to regret if he should fail to win one. Or that, at all events, was the old practice.

Mais, Monsieur, nous avons changé tout cela. For the last forty years there has in fact been no worse term of abuse, in the whole of a reviewer's armament, than the word "heroic." Nor was this mere wilfulness: it was clear enough that heroic conduct in a novel's hero shocked, in both the English and the French senses, as brusquely and as really as an enjambed couplet would have shocked Pope, or as a bid of No Trumps on a three-suit hand would shock a member of the Portland Club. It is something more than a matter of technique: it is something, in fact, that is really Not Quite Decent. I met an amusing case of it a while since. In a recent novel, a respectably literate work of no outstanding merit or demerit, with nothing unusual but an unfashionable point of view, it is part of the psychological lay-out that in order to make possible the hero's reactions to a given situation he should just previously have been jerked out of the ordinary course of routine by a violent, abrupt, and victorious struggle of some sort, on the physical plane, but calling for a strong effort of will and intelligence. The scene at the moment being the East Coast in winter, the novelist used a commonplace of the setting, and one in which a healthy young man with some automatic claim to leadership (he is the local landowner) might naturally have played the role required—a ship on the rocks to which he helps to get a rope out. That happens quite frequently on that coast even now; his part is not represented as anything unusual, and I have myself known a woman, not very athletic, who, when no men were available, had done much the same thing. Moreover, the incident is not stressed, is not even described; the author was concerned with the consequences, and the

actual rescue takes place between two chapters. But there was no mistaking the sincerity of the horror with which a young lady in a London paper referred to the rescue—not as badly told or psychologically inadequate in the causations, but as completely unsuitable for even such rather distant reference in a novel of any literary pretensions. No one, except in a thriller—and presumably in real life—would take risks to rescue a shipwrecked crew. The offence was rank, it smelled to heaven . . . and the author, who obviously knew that coast as well as I do, must have been as surprised as the reviewer would be to hear someone ask what 'bus ran to Bloomsbury.

Now, the genuine distress of the reviewer at so slight an approach to the portrayal of an "heroic" action by a "hero" makes one think, the more as her paper was not a coterie-organ, but one of the chief weekly newspapers. Looking round Mudie's, one's surprise must lessen. The thing is not Decent because it is not Done. Increasingly, for the last forty years, and almost uniformly for the last decade, the practice of serious heroes has been unheroic. To be the outstandingly interesting figure in an imagined group that is serious art, a man had in the past to be larger than they in some way—in courage, in resolution, in intelligence, even in looks or wealth or social status or ability "to row twice as fast as any man in the boat." A novelist of any sort of pretensions made him prove it, too, by showing him in circumstances that tested his claim to largeness, whether a battlefield or the Boar's Head Tavern, or merely the drawing room of Mansfield Park, for the hero, of course, can be of either sex. Nowadays we have the rule firmly reversed. To have any claim to be the centre of interest the hero must be, not larger than the common, but less. No longer may he lead armies; he must not even be an efficient private. No longer must he have *virtus*, if not virtue—and above all, *she* must not be virtuous, except through a quite undesired lack of temptation. If a modern novelist were to conceive the Bennets, and sit down to make a serious job of them, he would fasten with joy on Mary and Lydia—who pullulate in modern fiction, as it happens—but would not consider Elizabeth matter for art, although he would probably preach its all-inclusiveness.

Perhaps in real life there are more Lydias. But when was art a matter of counting noses? Is it that in a civilisation whose chief end seems ease, those types who feel a need of their own admiration find it simpler, not to achieve the admirable, but to identify its qualities with those that they are aware of in themselves, in the manner of the Fox who lost his Tail? Or if this is a libel on the contemporary novelist, and he is in fact a better man than his heroes, can he only be himself, and comfortable, in drawing people inferior to himself, people, in fact, to whom he can condescend in the way of a certain pitying contempt? I do not think there is any single word in English for those who are ill at ease with any but their recognised inferiors; but the condition is a well-known one, and reveals a good deal of its owner's quality. And current fiction would seem to show it as common.

AGNES MURE MACKENZIE.

CONCLUSION

I COULD recall—yet why recall
Beguiling beauty, ever prone
To scorn the homage it has won?
Time upon all lets the dull latch fall.

I could prolong—yet why prolong
The dream of days that were no dream?
Apples unplucked must fall, I deem,
Or rot no matter where they hung.

A. E. COPPARD.

TASTE AND ENTERPRISE

THE music-lover who also has a gramophone is not perhaps so rare as some critics make out. It is easy to condemn the gramophone as an instrument liable, like the wireless, to slacken rather than increase musical taste. Gramophone records cannot be compared with books as a distributive medium, but recordings on the best model of gramophone are at least equal to the fine modern prints of pictures which one sees everywhere now. Those who dismiss all gramophone reproduction of music as a canned product are obviously basing their judgment on some earlier or inferior reproduction they have heard. And when all the advantages in tone and proximity belonging to the concert hall have been admitted, it is still obvious that the gramophone fills so many gaps for the concert-goer that it is, in fact, indispensable. Many concerts in London are still arranged by people who are thinking in terms of the celebrity farewells and Covent Garden galas of the last century. That public exists, chiefly from habit, and is perhaps the most easy to exploit; but there is also now a much larger and more intelligent public, educated by travel and the spectacle of foreign musical festivals, a "floating" semi-musical public which must be tapped by new methods.

Now, most of these people have gramophones, and it is for them chiefly that the gramophone companies issue their lists of classical records. Without some further stimulant they are likely to drift into the vague "I-like-good-music" atmosphere of the pre-war Sunday afternoon audience. When the gramophone companies begin to make a serious inroad into the mass of good music at present unrecorded some means of *discriminating* the taste of the public will have to be found. And that can only be done by interesting people in the works of individual composers and not in music in general.

A beginning has been made with the formation of a number of Gramophone Societies by H.M.V. These societies are formed by subscription; a series of records representing the work of one composer is made and sold to the members of the society at the usual price of "celebrity" records; there is no sale to the general public. In November last year the first of these societies—the Hugo Wolff Society—was formed on the basis of 500 subscriptions, which were received; the second was the Beethoven Society (Schnabel's recording of the sonatas), for which more than 1,400 subscribers have been found. A Haydn Quartet Society is now in process of formation (the list closes on August 1st), and there will be a Sibelius Society early in the autumn. All of these societies fill obvious gaps—Wolff's songs are rarely heard in England, even the Haydn quartets will be new to many people; and the Gramophone Company has taken advantage of the Haydn centenary and the recent performances of Sibelius to stimulate further interest in their music. The idea could be extended indefinitely: much of the best work of Verdi, Berlioz, Borodin and Debussy, for example, is still unrecorded. The chief danger seems to be that when a number of the societies are running concurrently there may be difficulty in finding new subscribers—one assumes, of course, the highest standard of performance and recording. It should be possible to avoid difficulty by not overcrowding and by keeping in touch with public taste which alters each season. Books, after all, were once subscribed for before publication without apparently clashing, and the musical public to-day is probably a good deal larger than the reading public in the eighteenth century. A more serious danger is that the Gramophone Company may come to regard these societies merely as a convenient method of selling new recordings without any risk of loss: if they do, enthusiasm will inevitably lapse, and no enterprise of this sort can succeed for long without enthusiasm. But the first four choices are excellent; Schnabel was a real capture; and one hopes this level of enterprise will be kept up.

L. J.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A Study in Temperament

IT is rare to find both understanding and compassion in a modern dramatist. In *Dance without Music*, a revised version of which is to be seen at the Embassy, Mr. Rodney Ackland shows that he possesses both. One regrets the more his failure to preserve a true vision through four acts. His theme is the passion of a pleasure-seeking girl for a successful bounder. The tragedy, implicit in the opening scene, is worked out against the background of a theatrical touring company, each member of which is admirably conceived. Sue's quietly aloof friend for whom the advances of the bounder hold no temptation, the bright little junior lead who talks engagingly about nothing and herself, the company's reluctantly fat lady, Sue's timid mother, whose euphemism for sex is "silliness"—all are sympathetically and skilfully drawn. It is not until the third act that the author begins to lose his way. Then, when one's attention should have been concentrated on Sue's desertion by her lover, it is distracted by her long-drawn scene with the faithful young man whom she has always despised. For this callow, moonlit youth who was insufficiently chastised at school she surrenders all the "grand and expensive things" which her soul loves. By making of her passage from one unreality to another a triumph of the good and the true, Mr. Ackland turns what should have been a tragedy of disillusionment into a comedy of sentimental errors. Miss Catherine Lacey plays Sue with a hard gaiety tempered by intermittent kindness that is exactly right. As the callow youth Mr. Eric Berry is only too lifelike. The rest of the cast give a most polished and entertaining performance.

Classical Ballet

The performances of the Camargo Ballet Society—their season ends to-night at the Savoy Theatre—seem to have established one interesting point; they have demonstrated the preference of most enthusiasts for the classical as opposed to the "modern" ballet. Thus *Lac des Cygnes* was the high-light of the first programme, while the fourth was irradiated by the production of *Giselle*. This ballet pleased as a period-piece and gave full scope to the virtuosity of Spessiva. Woven round Théophile Gautier's scenario, itself based on a theme suggested by Heine, *Giselle* dates from 1841, when Carlotta Grisi achieved her greatest triumph. It is a lovely and typical bit of Romanticism; to the nostalgic strains of Adolphe Adam's music—memorable for its anticipations of Tchaikovsky—the Wilis, or ghost-virgins, of the second part, flutter in spectral ranks through the forest glade and drive to their doom benighted huntsmen. Spessiva, as the wraith of the peasant girl—"amante délaissée que flétrit la douleur!"—achieved miracles of disciplined *abandon;* the sheer technical accomplishment of her dancing would alone have made *Giselle* worth a visit. *Mercury*, with music by Erik Satie, reflected more credit on the composer than on the choreographer. There is no doubt that Mr. Ashton does his best; but his best is apt to be amusing rather than brilliant.

Strong Meat

Grand Guignol continues relentlessly from 2 p.m. to midnight at the Duke of York's. Captain Berkeley's *Eight o'Clock*—a convict's last half-hour in the condemned cell—does not bear revival. The play, lacking in inherent dramatic quality, relies on an obvious inartistic situation for its effect. Mr. Russell Thorndike repeats his excellent performance. Of the other plays only Mr. Eliot Crawshay-Williams's *E. and O.E.* and M. André de Lorde's distinguished yet revolting, and here very well acted, *The Old Women*, are real *Grand Guignol*. The first is something of a classic of its kind, for it extracts and sustains real humour from a horribly grim and Macabre situation. *The Old Women* is powerful enough without its concluding moments, which are too horrible for stage representation. It is well constructed and possesses an underlying criticism of life, the criticism that this might happen anywhere if asylums are left in the hands of far from religious persons preoccupied with the forms of religion. Miss Barbara Gott, superb in this kind of work, gives a performance beautifully contrasted with her appearance as the mother in Mr. Crawshay-Williams's play. Miss Marie Ault's study is equally distinguished. Mr. Henry Oscar's production is well timed and balanced. Mr. Maltby's play, *Something More Important*, is a straightforward thriller, good of its kind, but not strictly *Grand Guignol*.

Crime and War

Gangster films get more like war films every day. *Scarface* (at the Empire) certainly is more like *All Quiet on the Western Front* than any other film I have seen. The moment the "South Side" introduced machine guns there was nothing for the police to do but to introduce gas-bombs. For the moment Scarface was caught napping and came to a truly terrible end. His successor by now is doubtless provided with heavy air bombers, and it will be interesting to see whether the police will be able to ripost successfully with supertanks. In fact every American town seems to be conducting, in little, a fine European armaments race. *Scarface* is certainly one of the most disgusting, and hence one of the most effective, gangsters I have seen. It was, however, criminally immoral to make Scarface himself so unnecessarily charming. I found the guns rather agitating, particularly perhaps as the afternoon was so hot. *Scarface* is emphatically evening entertainment, and very good entertainment too.

Flying Farce

Sky Devils (at the Plaza) is a highly entertaining skit on flying films, more particularly on *Hell's Angels*. It is really humorous and I was kept on the laugh the whole time both by the absurdities of the stunt flying, the genial characters of the protagonists, and the smartness of the wisecracks. Some ridiculous American soldiers, whose cowardice is equalled only by their incompetence, become the heroes of the whole American Expeditionary Force and blow up the largest German ammunition dump. It would be absurd, however, to try to recount the plot of what is a mere outburst of infectious high spirits. Spencer Tracey, the sinister hero of *Quick Millions*, is very laughter-provoking as the chief American airman.

Things to see and hear in the coming week—

Sunday, July 3rd—
- J. C. Flugel on "The Psychology of Happiness," Conway Hall, 11.
- "Richard of Bordeaux," New.

Monday, July 4th—
- Desmond MacCarthy on "New Books," B.B.C., 6.50.
- Sibelius Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Argentina, Savoy.
- "A Prince from Pimlico," Q.

Tuesday, July 5th—
- Exhibition of Russian Posters, 88 Parliament Hill Mansions, 6–9.

Wednesday, July 6th—
- Exhibition of British Film Stills (till 20th July), 20, Bedford Street, Strand.
- "The Pride of the Regiment," St. Martin's.
- "Love's Labour's Lost," Westminster.

Thursday, July 7th—
- "Savoy Follies," Savoy.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. T. R. GLOVER, as befits a Public Orator, is the garrulous type of humanist. In his *Greek Byways* (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.) he has indulged to the very fullest extent this, to my mind, amiable propensity. Yet it is not by garrulity alone that Mr. Glover enters into such close kinship with Greeks, both ancient and modern. There are other, and more serious, links of affinity. In the first place Mr. Glover possesses an ample gift of curiosity, almost of inquisitiveness. In a most un-English manner does he prefer the unexpected to the usual, the unknown to the familiar, the volatile to the established, the unanswered to the proved. To call Mr. Glover "gullible" would (perhaps demonstrably) be unfair: yet he nourishes for the gullibility of others that warm sympathy which we accord to acute temptations nobly resisted. Not that Mr. Glover in his Greek byways is a bore. Far from it. At least not to me. I am of those who enjoy being given a torrent of information in the form of unstrung beads: it gives me that bazaar feel, that alert expectancy associated with the Caledonian Market, that sense of picking something up. Mr. Glover shares with Aristotle the conviction that the miraculous is very sweet. Being a roving rather than a sedentary don, he has, as had the late Lord Curzon, an almost nervous passion for unanswered questions. Did Alexander the Great really send Aristotle an elephant? Why should amber possess, in so many languages, such unrelated names? What has happened to the white Syrians of Herodotus, or to Homer's Ketaioi? What indeed? There are worlds still left for future Rawlinsons, future Layards, to discover. Wonder, in spite of the movietone, has not yet passed from the world. Mr. Glover, moreover, has a jolly, an absentee, hatred of pedantry; he is attracted by ignorance. From necessity, rather than from choice, I share this predilection. Mr. Glover dislikes science; he loathes Henry Ford; he regards the yellow press, wireless, and the American university with sly suspicion; he prefers the individual, the exceptional, the recondite; it is merely his outrageous monotheism which prevents his becoming a mythologist. Mr. Glover, as he himself says of Varro, is "a polymath, with a polymath's discursive love of curiosities." And in this way he tells us how obsidian was mined, long before the days of peasant Georgios, at Milo; how Pythagoras forbade his disciples to eat beans; how Pytheas visited St. Michael's Mount, and Strabo the Bouches du Rhône; how Artemidorus of Daldia wrote a classification of dreams; and how the Indian guinea fowl shed tears for Meleager.

* * *

Let it not be deduced from such delightful levities that *Greek Byways* is a frivolous book. Far from it. It is based upon such heavy reading that at times the surface assumes a glutinous texture: one sticks; one almost skids. There are moments when the potent memory of Mr. Glover goes straight to his head. These, for the semi-educated, are distressing moments. For although there may be a few seconds at which one glows triumphant at recognising, at identifying, some abstruse allusion, yet there are longer periods during which the associations, the asides, of Mr. Glover transcend one's education: humiliation and sadness result. Mr. Glover, in the course of his thirteen essays, is considerate enough to repeat what he has said before. I welcome these repetitions. I do not in the least mind reading twice over the interesting, the indeed striking fact, that Strabo, perched upon the Acrocorinthus, realised that there *was* a view. Few of the ancients (Homer and Lucretius are exceptions) had a sense of distant scenery: the sensibility of Strabo was thus worth mentioning twice over. Yet all the same Mr. Glover might have been more patient (as in the case of the Maltese terrier) in editing his book. Yet, what do such things matter compared to the pleasure of reading a man whose experience ranges from Benares to Arizona, from Poona to Quebec, from Euphemerus to Mark Twain? A man whose sense of past and present is so simultaneously acute that he can draw enlightening analogies between Miletus and the Ghazi Pasha, between the Bacchae and the Congo of 1929? A man, so human as to love Xenophon, to take Herodotus with intense seriousness, and to accord to Juvenal, Ovid, and the dogs of his neighbours, that detestation which is their due? Mr. Glover, for all his hatred of pedantry, is not devoid of the didactic. He draws analogies: he gives us our little lesson. He jabs at us for our nationalism, our vulgarity, our ignorance, our lack of intellectual energy or daring. He is interesting, though tentative, on the art of history, playing skilfully with such names as Jethro Tull, toying with such theories as that the need of pepper wherewith to mitigate the watery waste of British cooking explains our Eastern Empire, or that the food-shortage of ancient Greece produced, not the hoplites only, but the ancient Greek malady of civil strife. Some people are irritated by that sort of thing. Not I. To me learning is all the better for a little flash and splash: Mr. Glover's learning conducts itself like a trout in May.

* * *

All this, however, has little to do with my real enjoyment of *Greek Byways*. Mr. Glover may, or may not, be a polymath: he may, or may not, be able to control, to discipline, to filter his own knowledge in such a manner as to produce a wholly legible book. Yet I have enjoyed *Greek Byways* more than I have enjoyed a book for several months. And I know why. Not merely has it filled many crevices in my information: it has helped to fill a crevasse in my understanding. Perhaps the most durable lesson I learnt at Oxford was that my school lessons had been deliberately incomplete and, as such, misleading. Above all, in regard to the classics. The Attic genius was represented to us as something serene, anglican, muscular: the other side—the seamy side, the fried-fish-shop side, the inside—was concealed from us. Only when I had forgotten my school lessons did it dawn upon me that the eyes of the Greeks were not, after all, as firm and untroubled as the eyes of their own statues: it was in the Middle East, in Persia in particular, that I came to visualise that other, that most un-English, aspect of the Greek habit of mind. Not the flies, and the ophthalmia merely, and the whole restless cruelty, but that intense, that pullulating, inquisitiveness which to this day renders garrulous the quaysides of the Piraeus or Patras. We have been told too much about the lucid serenity of the Attic genius: as a formula it has proved of immense convenience to four generations of British schoolmasters: it justifies the type, it accords with the curriculum. We have been told too little about the other sides, about that incessant inquiry, that restless self-criticism, that courageous incertitude which was the very core and centre of the Greek attitude towards life. Traditional they may have been, since they had a sensitive regard for form: but it was not a stagnant traditionalism: it was swept by an unceasing torrent of speculation, by the clear young water of experiment. The value of Greece to us lies not in those few elements of Attic theory which confirm our sterilised code of conduct, but in the splendid mental adventurousness of the Greek mind, in contrast to which our own complacent habits appear cowardly, undignified, degenerate. Mr. Glover, in his fascinating book, has, if only by implication, emphasised this contrast as it has seldom been emphasised before. I urge all those who wish to get behind the cold Greek frontage of their school-days to enter the hot human streets behind, and to follow Mr. Glover down his teeming, vivid byways.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

TROTSKY ON REVOLUTION

The History of the Russian Revolution. VOL. I. By LEON TROTSKY. Gollancz. 18s.

In 1915, when the Russian War Minister Polivanov was asked about the situation at the front, he replied, "I put my trust in the impenetrable spaces, impassable mud and the mercy of St. Nicholas Mirlikisky, Protector of Holy Russia." But St. Nicholas did not protect Holy Russia. It was asking too much of any saint to save a country in which the corruption, incompetence and inhumanity of the Government had reached such grotesque proportions. When Lord Milner was sent to Russia on his mission of inquiry at the beginning of 1917 he reported that all was well with our great ally. That was just after the murder of Rasputin, just after the Tsarina's letter to the Tsar: "Anything but this responsible ministry about which everyone has gone crazy. Everything is getting quiet and better, but the people want to feel your hand. How long they have been saying to me, for whole years, the same thing: 'Russia loves to feel the whip.' That is *their* nature!" It was at the time when the Tsar was still making those surprising entries in his diary: "Walked along and killed two crows. Drank tea by daylight . . . It has happened! The Duma was closed to-day. . . . The weather was fine. . . . Went paddling in a canoe." When the Tsarina was writing that the Russian people loved the whip, they were, in fact, being flogged into the trenches. They were lying out under a rain of German shells, themselves often without arms or food—for half the trains which started with supplies for the front never reached it, and the machine guns were apt to have a part missing anyway—and muttering the grim jest that the "English had sworn to fight to the last drop of blood . . . of the Russian people." When Milner was in Russia about a million of these soldiers had deserted from the Russian army, if indeed one must use a technical term for the decision of a peasant to return to his farm rather than to wait to be killed in the trenches. Profiteers, meanwhile, were making incredible fortunes from Government contracts, paid for with money borrowed from England. Society was never more brilliant. That was the background for the first revolution. It began as the 1905 revolution began, but ended differently, because the soldiers in 1917 changed their minds and refused to fire on the crowd. The story of this first revolution, which put into office a middle-class Government supported by the Soviets, occupies the early chapters of Trotsky's book. No one has ever better analysed the psychological changes that took place among the workers and soldiers. Trotsky's account of the causes of this revolution is completely convincing. The succession of events seems inevitable.

The breakdown in government and the almost universal demand for peace among the workers, soldiers and sailors satisfactorily accounts for the first revolution. The more complicated problem, to which the rest of Trotsky's book supplies an answer, is why the second revolution followed so quickly upon the first. How did it come about that Russia jumped not only from feudalism to democracy but also from democracy to the dictatorship of the proletariat within a single year? Some English readers, not used to reading history based on any conscious philosophy, may boggle at the Marxian phraseology which Trotsky employs. Briefly, his conclusions seem to be that the second revolution was just as "inevitable" as the first, because the "contradiction" or conflict between classes was just as clear in the democratic state after the first revolution as it had been in the feudal state which preceded it. The disposition of economic forces made a clash inevitable, but the clash came when it did only because the Kerensky Government behaved much as the Tsar's Government had done, and because the workers found in Lenin a leader of unexampled capacity. If the Kerensky Government had not begun a new campaign in order to satisfy the Allies and to keep down the revolutionary feeling among the workers—I think Trotsky establishes that this was a real motive—would Lenin have had his chance? And if there had been no Lenin would any of the other working-class leaders have accomplished what he accomplished? When Lenin arrived in Moscow in April he found the "Old Bolsheviks" as well as the Mensheviks supporting the Government and the war. He found Stalin and Kamenev arguing that the time for the proletarian revolution was not yet. When he first urged a revolutionary programme he had no supporter in his own Party. A month later he had converted all the Bolsheviks and many who did not call themselves Bolsheviks to his side. Lenin's part in making the revolution is discussed by Trotsky in a remarkable passage.

> How would the revolution have developed if Lenin had not reached Russia in April, 1917? If our exposition demonstrates and proves anything at all, we hope it proves that Lenin was not a demiurge of the revolutionary process, that he merely entered into a chain of objective historic forces. But he was a great link in that chain. The dictatorship of the proletariat was to be inferred from the whole situation, but it had still to be established. It could not be established without a Party. The Party could fulfil its mission only after understanding it. For that Lenin was needed. . . . Inner struggle in the Bolshevik Party was absolutely unavoidable. Lenin's arrival merely hastened the process. His personal influence shortened the crisis. Is it possible, however, to say confidently that the Party without him would have found its road? We would by no means make bold to say that. The factor of time is decisive here, and it is difficult in retrospect to tell time historically. Dialectic materialism, at any rate, has nothing in common with fatalism. . . . Thus it is by no means excluded that a disoriented and split Party might have let slip the revolutionary opportunity for many years. The rôle of personality arises before us here on a truly gigantic scale. It is necessary only to understand that rôle correctly, taking personality as a link in the historic chain.

This seems to me an accurate interpretation. The existence of a class conflict is always a fact which only the wilfully blind can deny. But the time and manner of its resolution depend on many factors—on the accident of the individual, on the capacity for leadership among the revolutionaries, on the intelligence of the ruling class and on the strength of national and other non-economic factors. Reason may play a smaller or larger part in this as in any other struggle for power. In England, for instance, the revolutions which put the middle-class into power took place over a period of several centuries. The change was less catastrophic than elsewhere because our ruling class exercised a large measure of "common sense"—the form which reason takes in this country. How large a part common sense will play in the resolution of the existing class conflict is to-day the most interesting of all questions. It is also the most difficult because the struggle is not now on a national but on an international scale.

The main task in any case is still what Lenin found to be his task, that of "patiently explaining" the situation so that we do not continue to misapprehend and mishandle every opportunity that occurs. And for that task such contemporary history as Trotsky is writing is the most valuable instrument. Because Trotsky's historical philosophy is a real philosophy of experience, not a set of catchwords, and because he really understands the way in which the shifts of opinion took place among groups of soldiers, workers and peasants (nothing is more worth study in this book than the phases of Lenin's analysis of the attitude of the peasants) Trotsky is able to do what English historians

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Summer Shell petrol is specially blended to give the best results under Summer conditions

seldom even attempt to do—to give an intelligent interpretation of contemporary history. It is an old fudge among historians that they cannot write contemporary history because it is impossible to be impartial about living events. They do not write contemporary history because they have no philosophy which enables them to understand it. There is no such thing as impartial history: but there is objective history, and objectivity can be attained about the present as well as about the past. Candour is possible; so is resolution in facing and stating evidence which modifies a too easily accepted thesis. Without such a conscious thesis no history, ancient, mediæval or modern is anything more than a clutter of useless facts. Trotsky passes the test well on the whole, though his brilliant writing, his insight and his capacity for choosing the quotation which exactly illuminates his theme, may disguise at least one subjective element in his interpretation. It is well to remember that Trotsky is anxious to show that Stalin has always been wrong and that he, Trotsky, is the true successor to Lenin. This preoccupation obtrudes only occasionally in the present volume: it will be interesting to see how far he can surmount it when he deals in his second volume with the history of the Bolshevik revolution in which he himself played a part almost as great as Lenin's.

KINGSLEY MARTIN.

A PERSONAL PORTRAIT

The Savage Pilgrimage. By CATHERINE CARSWELL. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Just as the public response to Lawrence's death was on the whole somewhat half-hearted and ungenerous, so the biographical and critical studies that it produced were disappointing in their complete lack of real solidity. Mrs. Carswell's book is a fortunate exception; not only did she know and love Lawrence—and continue to know him until the end of his troubled career—but her attitude when criticising his achievement, though partial, is also penetrating and shrewd.

For the first time we see something of Lawrence himself. It was in 1914 that Mrs. Carswell and some young friends wrote to the author of *Sons and Lovers*, expressing their admiration of his work. The letter they received in return was written on coroneted notepaper; but the coronet had been crossed through with a stroke of the pen, and beside it was an explanatory note: "My wife's father was a baron." Lawrence's next letter was similarly adorned, and with this anecdote—touching and significant—Mrs. Carswell launches out into her story. Very soon she had experienced Lawrence's charm, which was compounded of childishness, deep feeling and passionate probity. . . .

Few men have been more agonisingly sincere. *Savage Pilgrimage* is not a well-written book, most of it is quite impossible to read aloud, but there can be no doubt that it is a very able portrait, in the finest sense of the phrase a labour of love. Lawrence the poet, Lawrence the prophet, Lawrence the puritan. . . . Apropos of his strongly puritanical strain, Mrs. Carswell, like Mr. David Garnett, lays stress upon his "working-class" side:

> Another strongly "working-class" trait in Lawrence was his extreme distaste of anything that could be regarded as indecent. It would indeed be easy to call him prudish. One night in Cornwall, after having just begun to undress for bed, I found I had left my book in the sitting-room where Lawrence and Frieda still were, and I returned to fetch it. I had brought no dressing-gown with me, but there seemed to me no impropriety in my costume. . . . Lawrence, however, rebuked me. He disapproved, he said, of people appearing in their underclothes.

So much for the notorious modern novelist, stigmatised by *John Bull* as a "bearded satyr," as a "sex-sodden" and hopelessly depraved genius, who was to produce, according to the same journal, an "abysm of filth," "the foulest book in English literature"—in other words, the unfortunate *Lady Chatterley*. But from the productions of Lawrence's later period even the friends of his youth were to turn aside. Middleton Murry's caustic review of *Women in Love* was followed by a brief reconciliation which again led to complete misunderstanding. Lawrence cast his old friend off for ever—with the not unmagnificent declaration that when they were both dead and immortal spirits he believed they would still exist "in different Hades," and Murry had a Pecksniffian parting shot and published his *Son of Woman*.

But then, indecency, of course, is always relative. There are some of us to whom Mr. Murry's own effusions appear in a more subtly disturbing light than *Women in Love* at its most frenetic and uncontrolled. There are improprieties of the spirit as of the body; and Lawrence, though one may or may not believe that in his role of puritanical priest of Priapus he did his native genius no good, never descended to those sentimental tergiversations which have played so large a part in Mr. Murry's spiritual progress.

He was too honest, too painfully honest, for that. And his honesty, the extraordinary uprightness of the living man, is emphasised by Mrs. Carswell on every page. In some aspects he was almost pathetically simple. He clung to Murry not only because he had loved him—and Lawrence was steadfast in his friendships—but because to the very end of his career he cherished a plan of retiring from the world and building life afresh with chosen companions, on the basis of a small primitive society. His friends continued to hold back; one of the strangest episodes related in this book concerns a dinner-party given by Lawrence in 1923, when for the last time he uttered his appeal. Murry (according to Mrs. Carswell) then kissed Lawrence "with a kind of effusiveness which afflicted me. . . "Women can't understand this," he said. "This is an affair between men. Women can have no part or place in it." . . . "I *have* betrayed you, old chap, I confess it," continued Murry. "In the past I *have* betrayed you. But never again. I call you all to witness, never again."

The parallel, interjected by Mrs. Carswell, which provoked the second part of this exalted outburst, it is not difficult, though perhaps embarrassing, to supply. Not long afterwards Lawrence left London, and henceforward his novels, as they appeared, revealed an increasingly embittered state of mind, a hoarser note of angry intransigence.

But Mrs. Carswell protests that he was not embittered. He was angry; he could not afford, as so many of us do, to dismiss the modern world with a cultured smile—a smile, at least, which we hope gives that impression; but must continually be girding at its monstrous barrenness, its dearth of real feeling and spontaneous life, since he loved and hated his fellow-men with equal intensity. That he could hate them we have evidence enough; that he loved them—painfully, passionately, and to the end—becomes clear if one looks beneath the surface. He loved mankind as he loved the beauty of the world; but his love was more astringent than another's hatred.

He was serious; he had no use for ironic trifling. If he was an artist, it was to some extent in spite of himself. Books to him would never mean what they do to most writers. They would mean both much more and much less. He never read one of his own published works. "Books to me," he wrote much later, "are incorporate things, voices in the air, that do not disturb the haze of autumn, and visions that don't blot out the sunflowers." Books were a mere vehicle of creative passion; he had no interest in problems of æsthetic form—with the result that, as his passion grew intense, the structure of his books became more slipshod, his personages more rudimentary and less precise. Yet over these obstacles, too, his passion triumphed. What is important in writing, Balzac observed, is not to be able to avoid mistakes but to have "a quality that carries all before it." That Lawrence had this incalculable gift no sensitive reader can afford to deny.

PETER QUENNELL.

AN IRISH JUDGE

An Incorruptible Irishman, 1767-1843. By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. Nicholson and Watson. 18s.

This popular biography, by two popular writers—the late "Martin Ross" contributed some documentary material—is a specimen of a form of literature more common now than twenty years ago. Nearly all the old biographical standards as accepted in 1912 are ignored. Let us take for comparison, wholly at random, a quite mediocre 1912 biography which happens to be on our shelves. It is C. E. Wade's *John Pym*. First of all, we observe that as it is about John Pym, it is called *John Pym*—not *Upright and Unafraid!* or *The King's Enemy* or anything like that. The new book, on the other hand, is called *An Incorruptible Irishman*, which, apart from conveying by implication what Americans call "a nationwide insult," tells nobody that it is a life of a half-forgotten Irish Chief Justice, C. K. Bushe.

The modern work contains incidents which, if not imaginary are very nearly so. Listen to the story of Mr. Bushe's courting:

> I'm afraid the sisters thoroughly enjoyed the lover's lamentations, and Bess declared she would copy out those lines addressed to "a

pale and wan fond lover," and would send them to him as a Valentine!

"Unworthy of his hopes," says Miss Nancy. "I'll warrant he is! Why, he hasn't so much as told me what they are!

"And then I shouldn't be surprised if she sang the impudent chorus of a song that was very much the vogue in her day:

Lout-a-Looby! Silly Booby!
Come no more to me a Courting!
Were my dearest Dermot here
All would soon be gay and sporting!"

It's all very arch and finger-wagging, and how old-fashioned seems, in contrast, Mr. Wade's dull and painstaking account. Miss Somerville, yielding to a custom which is, apparently, now irresistible, throws out all footnotes. Her appendices refer only to the least important, family-album matters, and her bibliography is a tiny, unclassified list of "books consulted"—alas, all too few, as her text too often shows.

But a portrait of Chief Justice Bushe does begin to emerge by these methods. He was not a very important figure. He worked assiduously as a lawyer: he was fair according to his lights and even deprecated the savage Protestant persecution of the Catholic "Defenders." He made against the Union one of those innumerable never-to-be-forgotten orations which read so oddly to-day. His was one of the best: Miss Somerville prints most of it: there is real eloquence in it. Once he nearly gave way to insubordinate emotion. He felt, or thought he felt, he would like to slap the face of "John the Magnificent"—John Claudius Beresford, the chief boss and peculator of all Ireland. But his wife intervened and counselled prudence: Beresford's face remained unslapped and Bushe still had no enemies.

After the Union he was reconciled to the Administration. He became Solicitor-General, and then Chief Justice. He was temperate, honest, unbiased, and kindly. At the end of his life he was able to say "My hands are clean"—and only one who knows nothing of the history of Irish justice can fail to understand how proud a boast that was.

This book tells us little or nothing of the cases in which he was concerned. We cannot tell if he was a great or even a good lawyer. The place of any account of his cases is taken by rather garrulous and faded family letters about Killarney scenery and so forth. And yet, is this a dull or a bad book? No, not unless we apply to it standards of an austerer age. It carries the reader along cheerfully: he will not be edified, but he will not be bored. He will hear scraps of the famous old rhetoric of College Green. He will laugh kindlily at Chief Justice Bushe's comment on a lady whose dress was cut too low in front ("Did you ever see the like?—Not since I was weaned"). He will hear the stories that the Ascendancy thought it funny to tell about Napper Tandy, and I suppose no great harm is really done if he believes them. He will be left ignorant enough to be thrilled at the passionate speeches of the opponents to the Union, and will never be reminded that what they were defending was the privilege of a corrupt clique which had practically no connection with the people of Ireland.

R. W. POSTGATE.

G. E. TREVELYAN'S

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

"A remarkable, original and powerful novel. . . . One must feel grateful to anybody with a sufficiently strong mind to break such new ground. She has a remarkable imagination, and a style."

GERALD GOULD, in the Observer

7s. 6d.

SECKER

THE PROBLEM OF TRANSPORT

British Railways in Boom and Depression. By C. D. CAMPBELL. King. 6s.

London's Passenger Transport Problem. By G. J. Ponsonby. King. 3s. 6d.

Most people recognise that one of the next big measures to be taken in reorganising the British industrial system will be a large plan for the co-ordination of transport. The present financial difficulties of the railways are, indeed, largely exaggerated by the trade depression, but many of them would exist even if trade in general were pursuing a more normal course. Great Britain cannot possibly afford to allow the railways to go under in face of road competition; but equally is it impossible to impose artificial checks on the development of road transport in the interests of the railways. The railways are, and will continue to be, indispensable for the carrying of heavy merchandise and for the long distance transport of goods as well as passengers. But any attempt on their part to carry on with only the financial resources which these forms of transport can be relied upon to yield would involve not only an immense writing down of the capital invested in the railway service, but also the imposition of prohibitive charges on the types of merchandise which are least able to bear them. The obvious remedy is some form of co-ordination between the railways and road transport on lines which will help to bring about the harmonious development of them both. In the sphere of passenger transport something has been done already since the concession of road-carrying powers to the railways and the conclusion of agreements between them and the leading companies engaged in carrying passengers by road. The Transport Act has imposed a licensing system on road vehicles, and to some extent the competition between road and rail as well as among road carriers has been reduced. But it is already obvious that what has been done does not go nearly far enough, and that some much larger scheme of co-ordination will have to be introduced.

In the special case of London transport Mr. Morrison's Bill, which may come before Parliament again in the near future, was an attempt to deal with the problem of passenger transport by both road and rail by the creation of an inclusive London combine. Mr. Ponsonby, in his analysis of the situation of passenger transport in London, comes down heavily on the side of this Bill as an effective attempt to deal with the problem. It will, he says, bring about the necessary financial fusion between the Underground Railways and the Tramway and Omnibus undertakings at present outside the traffic combine, and it will also be the means of creating such relationships between the new combine and the main line railways "as will remove that element of uncertainty as to the future which has to an important extent been responsible for the reluctance to electrify surburban lines." For Mr. Ponsonby recognises that uncertainty about the yield of new capital embarked in transport undertakings has been at the root of many of the difficulties of the London passenger transport problem in recent years.

Mr. Campbell sets out to discuss, not the problem of London's transport, but the general situation of the British main line railways. A large part of his book is given up to an elaborate historical study of the influence of general booms and depressions in trade on railway prosperity in the past. In this analysis he pursues a method of investigation in line with modern statistical practice—seeking out trends and endeavouring to establish general relationships between railway revenue, expenditure and profits and the movements of the so-called business cycle. In common with many other statistical students Mr. Campbell has something of a tendency to adopt an unnecessarily elaborate

method for arriving at a simple result; for it is difficult to see what more is revealed by his artificially smoothed figures and curves than could have been shown by the crude figures which he so carefully refines away. His analysis, in fact, does not tell us a great deal that common sense and a direct study of the available figures could not have told us without any of the statistical paraphernalia which he employs. But his book appears to be based upon a doctorate dissertation, and this sort of thing is expected nowadays of those who write such dissertations. The second part of his book is far more interesting. In it he is studying the effects of the post-war depression on the railways, especially in relation to the terms of the Railways Act of 1921. This Act, he points out, by endeavouring to stabilise the net revenue of the railways at a fixed amount, produced the most inconvenient and unforeseen results—or would have done so if it had really been acted upon. For the attempt to fix fares and freight rates so as to yield a fixed net revenue would involve, if it were put into effect, the raising of rates at times of depression owing to the diminution in the quantity of traffic. This would still further diminish the amount of traffic available and divert more of it from the railways to their road competitors. Accordingly, it has proved impossible in practice for the railways to maintain their standard revenue as was contemplated in the Act of 1921. Mr. Campbell thus makes out a very strong case for the view that this Act was totally wrong in its conception. For, as he points out, the sound course is obviously to reduce railway rates like other prices in times of depression and to let them rise in times of business prosperity. Mr. Campbell does not discuss how this ought to be brought about, or deal directly either with the proposed nationalisation of the railway system or with the co-ordination of road and rail. But he makes it quite clear that the amalgamations carried through under the Act of 1921 have been an important factor in enabling the railways to carry on at all in recent years. And the moral seems to be that if they are to carry on healthfully in the future the process of amalgamation ought to be completed by the unification of the railway system as a whole, and complemented by a much closer co-ordination between the railways and the major services of transport by road.

G. D. H. C.

NEARER THAN THEY GUESS

The Inner Journey. By KURT HEUSER. Secker. 7s. 6d.
Faraway. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

The excitement caused by a novel of Conrad's is due to the fact that always his people make journeys in the soul as well as in ships or swamps. The tame, man of the world shrewdness of the Latin poet is continually proved false—especially in such tales as *Nostromo*, *Heart of Darkness*, *Lord Jim*, *Victory*: the people in them change more than their sky when they've crossed the sea, adventure indeed on perils other than those of the ocean. Generally, Conrad left the fact of the double journey implicit; he preferred that we should find for ourselves the parallelism between the outer and the inner, that parallelism which is at the heart of all the world's great stories of the imagination. Herr Heuser, who has been strongly influenced by Conrad, makes his parallel explicit. From the first chapter when Jeronimo meets the soldiers who are looking for Riquem's woman, Kurt Heuser proclaims his story's symbolism. For him, and for Jeronimo, Africa is more a state of mind, or a hidden place in the soul, than any mapped country. So he will have Jeronimo a surveyor who, as he walks the dangerous and tangled ways of Africa, is finding out unexpected by-paths in the jungle of his self.

Yet *The Inner Journey* is not an allegory of the old fashion. The people are actual enough, and there is caprice and accident in the incidents as well as orderly planning. It never indeed becomes quite evident whether Kurt Heuser has accomplished the intention in his mind by the introduction of Virginia. Her arrival at Esperança, the excellently contrived scene at the Customs are admirable; but her relation to Jeronimo and his story remains a little uncertain. How far does she represent his lost love Sibylle? How far is she merely the great conserving instinct of woman contrasted with the strangling waste of jungle and heat, to which most of the men succumb? On the whole it is the aspect of her which predominates, and in the chapter "An Antelope's Death," the author gives beautiful expression to that aspect. The antelope which, against her orders, has been snared, is brought to Virginia, to die.

> Its eyes still lived, recognising shadowy things, among them the intent and transparent face of a feminine human being, and its imperceptibly quivering nostrils still smelt the strange scent of her skin. What a white slender animal, but it was not a mother; it gave no milk. Its ears pricked up erect, bewildered by the confused and multitudinous night sounds, countless voices, countless sighs, infinite desire. Not yet had it learnt to distinguish what all these things meant; but everything had been a promise and a delight, sounds, lights, nourishment, the inexpressible joy of having been born. And this death too was a world disaster, a unique and dreadful parting without any hope of return.

The fight for life, the struggle against the absorbing, natural life of the mere body which must always be subject to the greater force of nature, it is that which Heuser shows. Jeronimo, who comes to Esperança to escape from himself and his lost love, finds there a field for energy. In contrast with the Africans, who are slowly moving to self-expression, and the Europeans exploiting the country, who are quickly abandoning self-expression for greed, or lust, or a mere idle sliding back into unconsciousness, Jeronimo and Virginia and the Governor represent aspiration, the force of the will and the passion to help and to protect. The story ends on a note of gaiety, almost of comedy—and there, too, Kurt Heuser is rewarded of his boldness, for as Jeronimo escapes from the crocodiles, and waves to his old enemies and companions, he shows in that gesture that, if his African journey is over, the inner journey is still an adventure.

In spite of his title, and the fact that his puppets move from Suffolk to San Francisco, Tahiti, the island of Faraway, and that there is much life in ships, Mr. Priestley never really deserts the Midland Hotel, Manchester, where his Mr. Ramsbottom, drinking French rum at the Cercle Bougainville, desires to be. For Mr. Ramsbottom is the only live person in this bustling, dreadfully protracted, boy's book. The hero of *Faraway*, borrowed very neatly for the occasion from Mr. Mottram's works, never attains that gradual lifelikeness which Mr. Mottram so casually contrives to give his men. William Dursley, his uncle, Commander Ivybridge, Pat Riley, the crowd of people on shipboard, the strange drinkers in Tahiti—Mr. Priestley has worked extraordinarily hard at them, as is only too obvious, but none of his labour can give them the motions of life. Only Ramsbottom lives, and his existence alas! is almost as tiresome as his accent, faithfully and phonetically reproduced throughout the book. Now the unlifelikeness of these characters would not matter a button if Mr. Priestley could tell a story. There is not much study of human nature in *She* or *King Solomon's Mines*; I would not guarantee to find a truthfully seen man or woman in the novels of R. M. Ballantyne or George Manville Fenn. Yet they all wrote glorious boys' stories, while Mr. Priestley dismally fails. It is partly, perhaps, that he has written at too great length; he has little power of invention, and to fill nearly six hundred large pages of an adventure story needs great power of invention. The story is simple enough. William Dursley's uncle descends on him in Buntingham, tells him of an island he discovered on which is plenty of pitchblende, and orders William, if he wants the island, to get into touch with one Pat Riley of San Francisco, and Commander Ivybridge, to whom he has sent the island's latitude and longitude. Ivybridge introduces Ramsbottom, and so the search starts. Pat Riley, of course, is a girl (her father's daughter). The island is there, and the pitchblende; but old companions of the uncle get there first, with a concession from the Chilean Government, which has claimed the island. Such a story should have been told briskly and briefly. Mr. Priestley bumbles about, being extraordinarily busy, writing little essays, little character sketches, rather knowing about American girls, rather learned about shipboard, very superior (and no doubt justly) about Tahiti. But of what use is all that to the boy who sits down to read the book, asking for speed and excitement? Cheated of his adventure and his thrills, he will have to fall back on this kind of thing:

> The white water-front of San Francisco rose enchantingly above the blue bay. It reminded William a little of New York, for there was the same piling up of sky-scrapers, but the difference seemed more significant than the likeness. This skyline was not so huge, grim, and impressive; it was far more friendly and gay; and above the bright towers you could see the rest of the city, shining on its hills. William felt at once that here was a place in which life could be enjoyed, and enjoyed without any crazy or sinister twist being given to it. He knew that he was going to like San Francisco, and that the city would live up to its superbly romantic reputation. It sat there by the water like some grandly heroic tenor, some golden-haired Walther or Siegfried, about to burst into song. As the boat drew nearer the great clock-tower of the Ferry Buildings, William's

JUST OUT

By LEON TROTSKY

The History of the Russian Revolution

Volume I

THE OVERTHROW OF CZARISM

By LEON TROTSKY

JUST OUT 18/- • GOLLANCZ

The Second Volume (to be published in a few months time) will complete the work

happy excitement burst all reasonable bounds. For the time being, all doubt left him, and he said good-bye to his Buntingham self.

A very precocious boy might wonder by what magic of intuitive imagination did William, a commonplace little person, decide on the mere sight of 'Frisco's water-front that joy there had nothing twisty or sinister; a sensitive boy might resent the very damp image of a Wagnerian tenor bursting, followed by William's outbursting the bounds; but each and every kind of boy would be bound to notice that absolutely nothing happens from these bursts—indeed there is an air-lock in the pipes, a hot-air lock, and nothing comes out but more windy, guggling description and comment. Perhaps, after all, *Faraway* is not a book for boys; but for whom, then?

TRIBAL CUSTOMS AND ADMINISTRATION

The Lakhers. By N. E. PARRY, Indian Civil Service. With an Introduction and Supplementary Notes by Dr. J. H. HUTTON, C.I.E. Macmillan. 36s.

This book was conceived originally for officials by an official. In being, however, it is far more than this would imply. Mr. Parry was from 1924 to 1928 district officer of the Lushai Hills, the part of Assam in which Lakher country is included. He started, we are told, an attempt to make a brief record of customs concerning which litigation most often arises, in order to facilitate decision of such disputes as the tribal chiefs are unable to settle. But it soon appeared that the record could not be so restricted if it was to have full value; and in the result we have a volume of some 600 pages, containing critical discussions of administrative methods and of the work of Christian missions among primitive tribes and describing in much detail the social and domestic life, religion, agriculture, language and folklore of "a friendly and picturesque people," as Mr. Parry calls them. Though some of the accounts of family relationships and genealogical trees appear lengthy, the reader is not wearied with tables of cephalic indices or other paraphernalia of anthropometry, and much of the book will be of interest as well to the layman as to the anthropologist and the government official.

The villages of the Lakhers, previously under independent chiefs, lie in the forest-clad hills between south-east Assam and Burma. A small-scale map of eastern and farther India might have been included, to enable the ordinary reader to place the country in relation to the rest of Asia; the map given is on too large a scale for this. The last villages lost their independence only in 1924, being absorbed into the British Empire (some in Burma and some in Assam) for the usual compelling reason, the stoppage of raiding and outrages on people living within the border and entitled to the benefit of *pax Britannica*. Every care is taken to make the yoke of foreign governance as light as possible, to let the chiefs and their tribal traditions decide disputes as far as possible, and to let the people live their own lives—and Mr. Parry draws some striking contrasts with affairs in New Guinea as they were before the League of Nations mandate was applied—but the change is disliked by the people.

> Much of the *joie de vivre* has gone. To replace the old enthusiasm for war, the capture of slaves, the feasts over heads, the free hunting of all kinds of game whenever they pleased, the Lakher has been given security; this he appreciates, but it is doubtful whether security, at any rate at first, fills the place of what he has lost.

On the subject of religious missions, Mr. Parry is very definite. Not that he is implacably hostile to all mission work. Let the missionaries, he says, be properly trained in the lore of the people among whom they are to work, let them be chary of prohibiting harmless tribal customs and of offering western substitutes; and let there be no rival or different missions in the same area. With a single mission, working on a rational system harmonised as far as possible with tribal use, Mr. Parry can envisage good.

The Lakhers have the usual Mongoloid appearance of the tribes of these regions. We learn from Dr. Hutton's introduction—and on the Assam tribes his authority is unquestioned—that their ancestors probably came down the Chindwin valley, as their language and material culture show, and were thrown as an offshoot into their present hills almost within historic times; while beneath their general appearance and culture may be found traces of older connections, notably Indonesian and perhaps Mon-Khmer and Melanesian.

But if anyone would learn of how all people really came out of a hole in the ground before the Great Darkness; of how the young men woo and how the girls may or may not allow bed and blanket to be shared; of why women talk less than men; of how rice is harvested by pulling up by the roots; of famine caused by plagues of rats whenever the bamboos seed; of fishing by poison and hunting with spears and ancient flintlocks; and of a hundred and one other things in the life of this interesting people who only wash themselves once in three months, let him turn to this book. It will not fail him.

The author and his proof-readers have passed a few mispunctuations. The illustrations, both from photographs and from drawings, are good, and the index and appendices are adequate. A list of the *fauna*, or at any rate of common mammals, birds and reptiles, would have been a useful complement to the extensive table of *flora* collected by the author's wife.

Labour's Future at Stake

By CLIFFORD ALLEN

"The little book by Clifford Allen (now Lord Allen of Hurtwood) is another which may be read with pleasure and profit, even by those who disagree with it—as probably most people will. It is exceedingly well written; and the author is one of those sincere and candid people, who are apt to light up sides of the truth about public affairs, which the Press either ignores or disguises. The moral conflict inside the Labour Party between idealism and trade-unionism could not be more clearly confessed."

—(R. C. K. ENSOR, *London Mercury*).

2s. 6d. and 1s.

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

SHORTER NOTICES

Souvenirs de Voyage. By HECTOR BERLIOZ. Collected with an Introduction by J. G. PROD'HOMME. Editions Jules Tallandier. 25 francs.

Berlioz was a great traveller in the romantic tradition, and this collection of chapters from his *Mémoires* and *Voyage Musical*, excellently illustrated with a number of portraits and engravings of the time, makes a book in which music and travel balance so perfectly that one does not think of it as a compilation at all. The book contains nothing that has not been printed before, and all of it was written originally as journalism, with almost no later revision (as indeed was the case with *Soirées de l'Orchestre*), but it has the ease and homogeneity of a carefully planned masterpiece. There are few books of travel, and none written by musicians, to equal it. Berlioz's genius as a writer is seen here in all its profusion of wit, irony and vigour; only the superb fantasy of *Soirées de l'Orchestre* is missing, and even that is represented in *Histoire du Harpiste ambulant*, which M. Prod'homme has included here. The book covers his travels in Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria and Bohemia; begins with his student days in Rome, ends with his last visit to St. Petersburg, and describes his encounters with nearly all the great musicians in Europe. M. Prod'homme has not changed the original text, except to omit the more technical passages of musical criticism. This edition is admirably produced; print, paper and illustrations are all excellent, and the book is cheap at the price.

IS ENGLAND INSULAR?

On June 2nd George Allen & Unwin published an English translation of

The Revolt of the Masses

By JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET (8s. 6d.)

This book has already been translated from Spanish into German and Italian, and has created an intellectual sensation on the continent. The sales in Germany and Spain have been enormous.

Press Opinions

German

"This book will hold intellectual Europe in breathless suspense."—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

"One of the most significant discussions of modern times."—*Die Literatur.*

"I know . . . no more enlightening and thought-provoking book . . . Epoch-making."—*Count Keyserling.*

"Perhaps the most important philosophical review of our present world situation."—Rudolf Kayser in *Die Neue Rundschau, Berlin.*

"Ortega's brilliantly written book is a warning that should not and shall not go unheeded."—*Neue Zürcher Zeitung.*

"I cannot recommend this book too highly."—*Hermann Hesse.*

English

"I advise the reader to get the book; he will be charmed by the happy conversational style in which Ortega expresses his truly profound ideas. I have read nothing this year I have enjoyed so much."—*Everyman.*

"Very acute reasoning . . . ought to be an intellectual 'best-seller.'"—*Liverpool Post and Mercury.*

The POLITICAL QUARTERLY

July—September, 1932

Is Stalin Weakening?
by L. TROTSKY

The Choice before the Labour Party
by R. H. TAWNEY

The Committee on Ministers' Powers
by W. A. ROBSON

Briand by EMIL LUDWIG

British Policy at the Disarmament Conference
by W. ARNOLD-FORSTER

And other Articles, Surveys and Reviews

Published by Macmillan & Co. At all Booksellers.
3/6. *Annual Subscription* 14/-

By ROYAL SCOT *to Scotland*

It is worth making a journey to Scotland for the sake of travelling in the Royal Scot. Neither in your club nor your drawing room is greater comfort or greater elegance possible. As for the view, where is there such a view as you get from the deep windows of the Royal Scot with all the hills of Scotland turning first one side then another for you to admire? And now the Royal Scot is to go faster.

Euston to Glasgow in 7 hours 55 minutes instead of 8 hours 15 minutes.

After July, when the Royal Scot goes right through to Glasgow non-stop, the time will be shorter still.

Obtain a copy of L.M.S Scottish Holiday Resorts and Apartments Guide—post free 3d., from L.M.S Stations, Offices and Bookstalls.

HOLIDAY TICKETS. This year Holiday Return Tickets offering very generous concessions will again be issued. Get a copy of "L.M.S Cheap Fares" and Illustrated Folder (free) at any L.M.S Station, Town Office or Agency.

Tourist Tickets—May to October. Cheap Week-End Tickets throughout the Year.

L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

The Book of Fate and Fortune. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

An ill-arranged, unindexed work by an anonymous compiler who shows little signs of being able to estimate the value of the authorities he uses, or of being abreast of modern research. For instance, he says in a note "Michelet thinks that possibly witchcraft was in some way a revolt of the people against the double power of the Church and the State," but he does not refer to Miss Murray's book. In the appendix on secret societies there is no reference to Mrs. Nesta Webster's works. There are a good many old wives' tales in the book, some sensible advice (such as the use of olive oil as a preventive of drunkenness) and quantities of rubbish.

A Handbook of Classical Mythology. By GEORGE HOWE and G. A. HARRER. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

It is a little difficult to meet "Little Smith" on even a part of its own ground and beat it. However, the present handbook has much to commend it. The names are divided into syllables and accented, to show the usual pronunciation; the stories are clearly, and, when necessary, elaborately told; and attached to names of major importance there are useful bibliographies and catalogues of works of art. The indication of the title is adhered to; historical personages are not mentioned nor are place names dealt with unless they are of fabulous regions. The historicity of the "heroes" is not dealt with, though some, at least, owing to the Hittite records, are emerging from their myths. The main object of the work, to assist the understanding of mythological allusion in ancient and modern literature, should be served. The book is well printed in bold type and is pleasant to handle.

From Siam to Suez. By JAMES SAXON CHILDERS. Appleton. 12s. 6d.

There is an agreeable unusualness in Mr. Childers' description of his journey through Southern Asia from Siam to Suez. He does not tell us anything new; but he sees things freshly and unconventionally. Angkor Vat has been described many times, but Mr. Childers' account of the ruins and of the eerie sense of desolation that affected him as he wandered amid them gives them a new impressiveness. Attractive, too, are his studies of the peoples he met. It is journalism, but it is good journalism touched with the imaginative art of the novelist. One of the best descriptions is that of the Siamese boxing, of which we are given a graphic glimpse, all the more effective for the knowledge we have of the defeated boxer and his old father. It may be questioned if any traveller not a scientifically equipped expert ever saw so much of the real East in so brief a time.

RIMINGTON VAN WYCK LTD.

SOME NOTABLE EXTRACTS from our latest list of unusual recordings.

DEBUSSY Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder! Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain. La Chorale "Coecilia" d'Anvers. 1 record **2/6**

RAVEL Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. Mme. Marguerite Long and Symphony Orchestra, conducted by M. Maurice Ravel. 3 records, **6/-** each.

TANSMAN Mazurkas. Nos. 1, 4, 6, 8 and 10. M. Tansman. 1 record **4/3**

TURINA Sevilla. Le Jeudi Saint à Minuit. Procession de la Semaine Saint à Séville. "Odeon" Grand Orchestra. 1 record **6/6**

A complete recording of Verdi's Falstaff. 14 records at **5/6** each.

We hold a complete stock of the first and second H.M.V. Connoisseur catalogues, also the Decca-Polydor pressings.

Write for our special list of Foreign recordings.

Special attention to mail orders. Postage paid on orders of **15/-** or over and safe delivery guaranteed.

Naturally a full range of the latest instruments is available for immediate delivery.

RIMINGTON, VAN WYCK, LTD. 40/3, CRANBOURN STREET (JUST OPPOSITE THE HIPPODROME) LONDON, W.C.2 MUSIC

GERRARD 1171.

Hours—9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Thursdays 1 p.m.

The Dorado. By JOHN W. HILLS and G. H. HARRISON. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.

Anglers in search of exciting adventures in fresh waters will welcome this admirable little study of the dorado as Messrs. Hills and Harrison have observed and fished for it in the upper reaches of the River Parana, where it divides the Argentine from Paraguay. The dorado is a game fish of great dash and prowess, running from 20 to 50 lbs. in weight, or even heavier. The dorado is spoken of as a "golden salmon," but is rather the South American equivalent for our carp. However, it is not a carp, but a fish of rushing waters with ways of its own that resemble those of the great game fish of the sea. From Mr. Hills' vivid descriptions of his encounters, dorado-fishing is something like tarpon-fishing on a smaller but hardly less exciting scale.

The Open Air Year. The Times Publishing Co. 7s. 6d.

It is reassuring, in these days of the ever-expanding city, to find evidence that observers of nature still abound. It is the more reassuring to find it in our daily paper, unsubmerged by "affairs of moment," which so often are affairs of momentary interest. The events of the country are not spasmodic, but perennial, and all of the short articles reprinted here from the *Times* have the quietude and serenity that typifies moor and wood and downland. There is both poetry and information in them. Every writer is a close observer, whether it be of the flight and song of birds, the colours of ploughed fields, of sea and autumn leaves, the shapes of clouds, the habits of fish or the abodes of orchids. In each essay some delicate and intimate piece of knowledge is conveyed; a knowledge not necessarily technical, but gained rather by a more than common attention to the natural scene.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

FALSTAFF AND PROGRAMME MUSIC

ELGAR'S Symphonic Study, *Falstaff*, which has just been issued by H.M.V., raises in a fairly acute form the question of how much collaboration a composer is entitled to expect from his audience. That Elgar himself was conscious of this problem is suggested by the fact that he provided the work with an unusually elaborate and detailed analysis in which the themes are docketed in the best Ringside manner. Although *Falstaff* avoids the more crudely realistic effects of Strauss, it pushes the principle of programme music even farther than works like *Don Quixote*, and may indeed be considered the extreme example of programme music outside works actually written for the stage like *Petrushka*. There is no term so ill-defined or so loosely applied as "Programme Music." It is made to cover a multitude of disparate works ranging from ballets that are little more than glorified noises off to symphonies that are classical in all but name; from pieces that cannot be followed without a plan of the battlefield, to others that would yield just as much pleasure if one were entirely ignorant of their literary associations. Balakirev's *Thamar*, for example, is hardly programme music at all. It is true that its "oriental" colour by association with other "oriental" works probably conjures up a pretty vein of imagery in our minds, but there is no direct attempt to tell a story in the music, and we can appreciate its form without any reference to Lermontov. *Thamar*, in fact, is programme music at its purest and most legitimate.

Liszt's *Faust* Symphony is a more interesting case, for although it is more symphonic than *Thamar* and makes even less attempt to tell a story, it is undoubtedly true that we cannot appreciate the work at its fullest without previous knowledge of the legend or of the way in which Liszt has treated it. But once we know the titles of the movements our purely external collaboration is at an end, and we can appreciate the form of the work (admittedly allowing our associative powers full play) without any reference to a narrative printed in the programme and without having our musical enjoyment interrupted by an identification parade of the themes. The *Faust* Symphony is obviously not pure music, but equally obviously it is good music and a purist attitude that prevented our appreciating the work at all would be merely regrettable. If we were to take a similarly purist attitude about painting we would simply have to refuse recognition to 90 per cent. of the best paintings.

To take Renoir for example. He is usually admitted to be a fairly "pure" painter. That is to say his pictures are "pure" in comparison with those of Martineau, even if they never achieve the snow-white chastity of Bracque. Yet he did not disdain to call one of his best pictures *La Première Sortie*, and I defy the most hardened and ascetic of significant form-masters to look at this picture without realising (in addition to appreciating its plastic values) that the picture represents a very charming little

Cheery Optimism

AMONG the many admirable traits of British character none is more pronounced than the cheery optimism which has brought the nation through many great trials and difficulties.

Optimism, when circumstances warrant it, is wholly praiseworthy; but cannot each of us recall among friends and acquaintances at least one instance of misplaced optimism concerning the continuity of life, which has had most dire results.

Every healthy man rightly expects to enjoy a normal tenure of life—but, in fairness to those who are dear to him he should guard against the possibility of his expectation not being fulfilled by arranging assurances proportionate to his income.

¶ Many investments are profitable and many are secure, but insurance *alone* can provide an investment which gives a combination of

PROTECTION SECURITY AND PROFIT

CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE SOCIETY LTD.

Established 1867

Chief Office: 109, Corporation Street, MANCHESTER.

London Office: 42, Kingsway, W.C.2.

Branch and District Offices in all the principal towns.

ASSETS EXCEED £13,300,000

The Sign of Security

"You may put me down as a convert. **BARNEYS** has just the *flavour* I like *and* the coolness"

These headlines express the considered view of a distinguished London Editor on Barneys, that cheery, friend-winning Tobacco from the North Country.

In the comment we reproduce below, this craftsman-of-the-written-word humorously compares the standard of Barneys with that of other pipe-mixtures, past and present. (His original letter can be inspected.)

> " . . . . . ***You may put me down as a convert.***
> " ***Barneys has just the flavour I like and the***
> " ***quality of coolness.*** *Most well-advertised smok-*
> " *ing mixtures have a good future behind them; if*
> " *Barneys keeps up to its present standard, its future*
> " *is in the right place—beginning in the present and*
> " *extending into infinity.*"

Barneys has won its way from local sale to National fame in a few short years, mainly on the friendly word of one smoker to another. Barneys is uncommonly *and consistently* good.

Cool, long-lasting, chummy, satisfying; year in, year out, *never varying* in its companionable charm; a pipe Tobacco which makes *lasting* friendship with the discerning.

BARNEYS EVER FRESH

All three strengths of Barneys Tobacco are packed in the "EVERFRESH" Tin, which ensures *Factory-freshness* always and everywhere.

This Wonder Tin yields to a pull of a Rubber Tab. Until outer air is admitted by releasing the vacuum seal, the goodness and freshness of Barneys is *imprisoned* in the Tin, preserved from every harmful influence of climate or transport, *indefinitely*.

PULL the Rubber Tab. This allows Tin to open.

Barneys (*medium*), **Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*), **Punchbowle** (*full*), in the "EVERFRESH" Tin: 1 oz. 1/2, 2 oz. 2/4.

(99) Made by John Sinclair, Ltd., Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne

girl going to the theatre for the first time, that she is obviously enjoying herself hugely, and that it is a pity he can't feel the same on a Cochran first-night. The picture, in fact, is impure, but like Liszt's *Faust* Symphony, the plastic element is strong enough to carry the work through. If, however, Renoir had introduced into the box two faded cocottes, one offering the child a box of chocolates, while the other shows her the programme, and entitled the picture "Whose is the Child?" he would have introduced into it an element of deduction and ratiocination that would have marred our enjoyment of the picture's more "pure" qualities.

It is this element that we find in Strauss' symphonic poems, where our intelligence is first flattered by being expected to follow a scientific argument on the double basses and then insulted by being expected to listen to an imitation of sheep on the muted trombones. The purist attitude towards these particular passages is entirely justified, for they have neither formal *raison d'être* nor musical charm, and merely represent an ingenious aural notation of intellectual concepts and actual objects.

Elgar's *Falstaff* is fortunately almost entirely free from the freakish realism of the worst Strauss, and its illustration is mainly confined to a series of Wagner-like character labels; but unfortunately the composer's attempt to deal with Falstaff's life point by point (as shown in *Henry IV*, not *The Merry Wives*), has led him to produce a formal structure whose justification is more chronological than musical.

We can sit back, it is true, and enjoy the work just as a piece of magnificent scoring, but to appreciate it fully we have continually to refer to our programme notes and collaborate with the composer in the complete realisation of his idea. It is a pity, for in many ways *Falstaff* is Elgar's finest orchestral work. The two interludes for small orchestra are delightful, and, except for one or two passages glorifying that notoriously unsympathetic character Henry V, the work is entirely free from the imperial grandiloquence that stalks from time to time through the two symphonies. Not only is the mood more subtle and distinguished than that of the symphonies, but the scoring has more variety and brilliance. Sir John is seen a little too much through the eyes of the renowned Bowdler, and at times seems such a nice genial old squire that his final rebuff has an added sense of injustice, but taken by and large this symphonic study is far the most colourful and forceful of Elgar's works. The work is very well played by the L.S.O. under the direction of the composer, who, if not an ideal conductor from the absolute point of view, is unrivalled as an interpreter of his own works. The recording is excellent, though my set has an unfortunate flaw by which the final drum roll goes on with occasional gasps until the machine runs down. (H.M.V., four 12 inch., DB1621-24, in album.)

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

BY APPOINTMENT

ARE YOU GETTING FULL VALUE FOR YOUR INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

The GENERAL'S Motor Policy gives several benefits not usually included, the No-Claim Bonus increases to 20% in three years, and 120 Branch Offices ensure unrivalled Claims Service.

GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH, SCOTLAND.
GENERAL BUILDINGS, ALDWYCH, W.C.2.

DIRECTOR & GENERAL MANAGER—F. NORIE-MILLER, J.P.

ASSETS EXCEED £14,000,000.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 12.—FUN ON THE *PHLEGMATIC*

This problem was drafted with great care, as I realised possible pitfalls in its wording. In spite of this, several very able solvers have overlooked one or more of the stipulations made. Thus some assumed that each loser pays into the day's pool the aggregate of his losses. This, however, is *explicitly* contradicted by the statement that the money in the pool is paid in by *those who have lost on balance*. The solution is as follows:

(1) The day's contribution to the pool must be: £15, £11, £10, £7, £6 or £3.

(2) £41—the aggregate of 5 days—can be made up in various ways; but only in one way which includes two £3's: £15, £10, £10, £3, £3.

(3) Two £3's are required; since E, the "dud" of the party, can only lose £5 or £1, and to lose £12 in all must lose £1 twice; and when E loses £1 the aggregate of the pool is only £3.

(4) Hence the only possible table is:

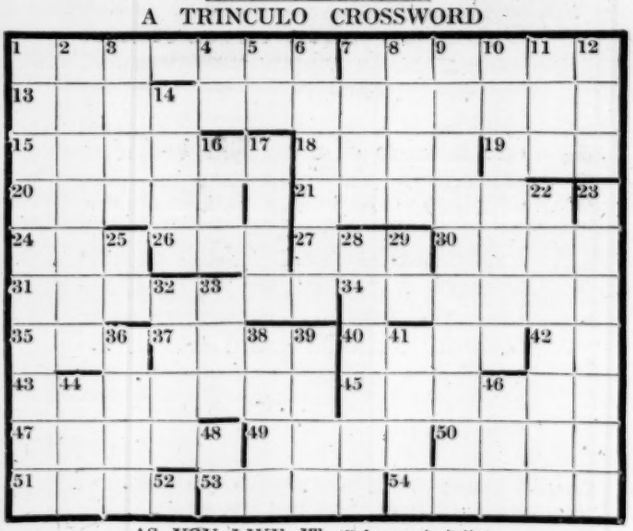
Setter.	A.	B.	C.	D.	E.
A ...		+£15	−£5	−£5	−£5
B ...	+£3		−£1	−£1	−£1
C ...	+£3	−£1		−£1	−£1
D ...	+£7	+£3	−£5		−£5
E ...	+£7	+£3	−£5	−£5	
Total ...	+£20	+£20	−£16	−£12	−£12

Whence B wins £20 and C loses £16.

Points awarded to:
Arlyn, Agitat, D. Barber, B. Brewster, A. Crokingburn, Cooper, G. B. Courtier, T. Faint, W. P. Hudson, F.S.M., F. Morrell, Mercutio, G. C. Potter, Rigel, S.T.S., Sciss, Henry Vine, B. Willis, W. A. Whitehouse, C. H. Waddington.

Awards in this contest, and particulars of the next, will be announced shortly.

A TRINCULO CROSSWORD



AS YOU LIKE IT (*References in italics*)

ACROSS.

1. Cassava nova in a pudding.
7. A hot spring all the year round.
13. *Not to be flouted out of his calling.*
15. Vowel change.
18. Prayer before me is wasted.
19. Plural of 42 *ac.*
20. *One of two who were like Juno's swans together.*
21*rev.* An acanthopterygian sea-fish.
24. Succeeded to the grandeur that was Rome.
26. In goes a dead dictator.
27. Undistinguished member of Henry V's entourage.
30. More often in Scotland.
31. *He summed up the significance of love.*
34. Distorted anger.
35. Mr. Masefield's thing after another.
37. Two went to Scotland.
40*rev.* Ends in rope.
42, 50. *Announcer of the sports items.*
43. *He had no friends, he said, to lament him.*
45. *This servant did evil in retrospect.*
47. *Shepherd thrown into confusion.*
49. Add sodium to this chemical to get a co-ed.
50. See 42.
51. Tangled objectives.
53. The very bottom.
54*rev.* 'S mere trifle.

DOWN.

1. *Instructed William in philosophy.*
2. An old Spanish province.
3. I suppose readily swallowed.
4. Horrid language used by King Ethelred.
5. Plating for a baby car.
6. *In exile with the Duke.*
7. Wanders around.
8. Classical rose a little muddled.
9. I have left this irregularity.
10. *Wrestler when 43 had finished with him.*
11. Palindromic river.
12. One distributes books, another shoots.
14. Just a tip.
16*rev.* Thrown in with 50 *ac.*
17. This one has just turned up.
22. *Peasant named after the playwright.*
23. The sort of man Mr. Chamberlain is looking for.
25. See 32 *dn.*
28*rev.* "*A poor thing but mine own.*"
29. Official decorated for bravery.
32*rev.* Frigate before 25.
33. End of an assignation.
36. See 44.
38. *His new master called him an old dog.*
39. Thrown up in the garden.
41. Churned up mud (before the Master of the Rolls that is).
44, 36, 52. *Her virtues were embellished on tree-trunks.*
48. I was born at Domremy.
48. You'll "cotton on" to a dance before 25.

CALIBAN.

The
SIBELIUS
Society

Following the great success of the Beethoven and Haydn Societies under the auspices of the . . . Gramophone Company

E.M.G.
HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES
LTD.
LEADING DEALERS IN CLASSICAL RECORDS
have great pleasure in inviting all who are interested to write for details of the SIBELIUS SOCIETY now announced

Quoting CECIL GREY . . .

"The explanation of the recent great interest in Sibelius is no doubt chiefly to be found in the fact that there is to-day a large and steadily increasing number of music-lovers who are becoming somewhat weary of the conventional classical repertoire, yet fail to derive from most modern music the satisfaction they formerly found in the old. In the music of Sibelius, on the other hand they find the desirable element of novelty combined with the enduring and solid qualities that characterise the great art of the past."

Write or call
E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES Ltd.
11 GRAPE ST. (Behind the Princes Theatre) LONDON, W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 7166

Makers of the highest quality Acoustical and Electric Gramophones and Radio Gramophones.

THREE UNIQUE SERVICES AT THE GRAMOPHONE EXCHANGE

YOU CAN OBTAIN a generous allowance for your unwanted records of good music in part payment for new records of any make. Complete stocks of new H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca and Polydor, both English and Continental issues.

A DEPARTMENT EXISTS for the sale and exchange of Fibre-played records of Classical Music, including numerous complete Operas, Symphonies and Masterpieces of Chamber Music, at very moderate prices.

NO LISTS PUBLISHED. CALLERS ONLY.

COLLECTORS WILL FIND here the only stock extant of rare recordings no longer obtainable from makers.

(Please mention this announcement).

121 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Temple Bar 3007
(four doors East of Cambridge Circus).

A PRACTICAL BOOK FOR EVERY INVESTOR

MONEY-MAKING IN STOCKS & SHARES

By SYDNEY A. MOSELEY
Author of "The Small Investor's Guide," etc.

A thoroughly practical and reliable guide to the buying and selling of Stock Exchange Securities, by an experienced investor. It explains all the points which should be considered when choosing a profitable investment. Third Edition. 252 pp. 7/6 net.

"Really does simplify the mystery of stock exchange dealings, and tells the speculator what to expect as well as what not to expect."—STOCK EXCHANGE GAZETTE.

Order from a bookseller or
SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, Ltd., PARKER STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C.2

COMPANY MEETING

HOVIS LIMITED

The ordinary general meeting of Hovis Limited was held on Monday last at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

Mr. A. H. Dence (the chairman), after reviewing the items in the balance-sheet, said (in part): Our net profit at £152,020 constitutes a record. This is a very pleasing feature to meditate upon in these times of stress, worry, and gloom which prevail so generally, not only in this country but throughout the world.

The Government has introduced a Wheat Bill, requiring the milling trade to absorb a quota of British wheat. The Government called into consultation our leading milling experts and, in conjunction with them, modified the Wheat Bill to meet the needs and conditions of our trade.

The Act admittedly is passed in the interests of farmers and agriculturists of Great Britain, and does not pretend to help millers, but the chief onus of administering the Act and of collecting quota payments falls upon the millers. They have accepted in a spirit of loyalty and co-operation the responsibilities which the Act throws upon them, and are determined to do their best to make it the success which the Government desire. Nothing of the sort has ever been attempted before in this country, and it is impossible to foreshadow what results it may have upon the milling industry.

I will not disguise from you that millers look forward with much trepidation and some dismay to what may take place at Ottawa. We feel that it is unfortunate that our industry should be the subject of such negotiations, and millers fear that the results to their interests, unless most carefully watched, may be disastrous.

I most earnestly hope that the Government, whatever else they may do, may see the necessity of leaving British millers a free wheat market, and also that, recognising all the new obligations imposed upon us and the need for supporting us in carrying out those obligations, they may see the absolute necessity and wisdom of providing our trade with reasonable protection against foreign and Dominion competitors, who, not having the same obligations, are placed in a favourable position to compete with and undersell us in our own markets.

We have a splendid business and our goods meet a national want, also we have laid such solid foundations in the past that we have every right to hope for a continuance of prosperity in the future. The word "quota," however, has introduced an element of uncertainty and it may be some little while before the industry is able to settle down to the new conditions.

The report was adopted, and resolution carried unanimously.

MONEY
AND
BANKING

The C.W.S. BANK is prepared to open personal current accounts (which may be worked through any Co-operative Society) on application.

During the past few years interest has been allowed at from 2½% to 3% per annum, coupled with a maximum commission charge of 2/-% on withdrawals.

If you are interested in the Co-operative Banking System, write to the Manager,

C·W·S· BANK

HEAD OFFICE:
1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:
LONDON: 99, Leman Street, E.1.
42, Kingsway, W.C.2.
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: West Blandford Street.
BRISTOL: Broad Quay.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

MR. LANSBURY, LORD READING AND FORCIBLE CONVERSION—METROPOLITAN AND THE BILL—"RAISE WAGES"

IT was surprising to find that Lord Reading delivered, during the economy debate in the House of Lords on June 22nd, the speech which Mr. George Lansbury should have made in the House of Commons in the Vote of Censure debate on June 23rd. Perhaps the two speeches got mixed up through some secretarial mistake. According to the *Times* reports Lord Reading, having referred to the possible saving of £15 millions to £16 millions a year (allowing for Government loss on taxation payable) on the conversion into a 4 per cent. stock of £2,000 millions of 5 per cent. War Loan, declared: "It might very well be that they would find it necessary to take some other steps with regard to the remaining £4,300 millions of national debt in order to save some more in interest." ("Cheers" were reported from the Noble Lords at this point, but they must have been cheering either in their sleep or in ignorance of the full implications of Lord Reading's remarks.) Lord Reading went on to say that he could conceive circumstances (an unbalanced budget or a debtor's strike?) in which they might find it necessary to take very strong measures regarding a reduction in the national debt interest. If that does not refer to a forcible conversion of interest I will eat my Toreador's hat. Of course, Lord Reading hoped that those circumstances would not arise, but if they did, he believed "that in this country there would be a response just as willing as there was to the extra taxation which was imposed last year." On that point I am sure that Lord Reading deceives himself. And while it is true that the holders of the national debt have been made richer by 20 per cent. since 1924 on account of the fall in the cost of living, the same applies to all other holders of fixed interest securities. Lord Reading did not deal with the injustice of singling out one class of rentier for "forcible" treatment as against another. Nevertheless, he was followed by another Marquess—that of Linlithgow—who although protesting that he was no Socialist, hotly declared that we could not hope to correct the disharmony between revenue resources and national expenditure unless we proportionately scaled down the income of the rentiers and the nominal value of the debt.

* * *

Now if the leader of the Opposition had indulged in these horrible threats of forcibly "deflating" one class of rentiers, there would have been a tremendous outcry in the Press. But Mr. Lansbury spared the capitalist his feelings and mildly urged the Government to capture "that great citadel the City of London." This was regarded as a joke, because everyone knows that the City is not a citadel but a house divided against itself. To attack, say, the stronghold of the Bank of England you have only to walk round the corner to obtain the deadliest of ammunition from the Midland Bank. Surely, if Lord Reading could show Mr. Lansbury how to pull out his enemy's teeth he need not trouble about capturing his enemy's citadel. There is a great deal of force in Lord Reading's arguments and I confess that I was getting worried over the non-conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan last week. But I am now assured by those who know these things that my anxieties are unnecessary—that notices will go out on September 1st, giving three month's notice of the repayment of 5 per cent. War Loan on December 1st (which is coupon date). And this next week-end, I am told, the Government will be issuing its three month's notice of conversion of the £140 millions of 4½ per cent. Treasury Bonds 1932–34. If something important were not on foot, why should the Stock Exchange have been induced to open on Saturday, the day of the Wimbledon finals? Perhaps the successful conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan and the appropriate Treasury Bonds will obviate the necessity of any unpleasant action, but if the slump does not end next year and a state of national emergency were declared, the Government would have to secure the lowering of all interest charges—on private debt as well as on municipal and Government. Meanwhile, the gilt-edged market is booming ahead on conversion prospects.

* * *

Last week I repeated the rumour that the agreement of the Metropolitan Railway to the London Passenger Transport Bill had been bought by the promise of a guaranteed dividend for a period of years. The full terms have been announced this week. I congratulate the directors on the wonderful bargain which they have made with the main line companies, but not on their refusal to warn their shareholders that important negotiations were going on. The ordinary stockholders are to be offered "C" stock of the London Passenger Transport Board at the rate of £67 10s. for every £100 Metropolitan Railway ordinary, but they are given an option to take "guaranteed" stock of a nominal amount equal to the par value of their present holdings, the "guaranteed" stock bearing interest at the fixed rates of 3¼ per cent. for fifteen years and 3 per cent. for a further ten years. This guaranteed stock is secured by a first charge on the share of the pooled receipts to which the main line railway companies are entitled. Thus, valuable rights and options are given to the holders of Metropolitan Railway ordinary stock which have been denied to the holders of Underground Electric Railways ordinary shares. This explains why Metropolitan Railway ordinary stock jumped from 41½ to 57 before the terms were announced. That "insiders" should have been able to help themselves to Metropolitan ordinary stock at 41½, while disgruntled shareholders may have been selling in complete ignorance of the booty that was to be theirs, is, to say the least, unethical. After all, negotiations with the Minister of Transport are not like negotiations with commercial parties, to which undue secrecy should be attached. The *Times* calls this just criticism of the Metropolitan directors "irresponsible." The *Times* would.

* * *

Raise Wages is the attractive title given by Mr. A. G. McGregor to a pamphlet he has written on monetary policy (London General Press, 2s. 6d.). Mr. McGregor is an American engineer, and when an American engineer addresses the English on economics we must not be too critical of his economics or English. But the pamphlet is well worth reading. There is much in it with which I disagree and much with which I agree, but I find that my agreement is on fundamentals and my disagreement on details. Mr. McGregor wants to exchange the gold standard for an inconvertible paper exchange currency and to set up an international clearing house for foreign trade which would make the buying and selling of foreign exchange unnecessary. Most of us have the same ideal as Mr. McGregor, but how is the ideal to be attained? In the transition stage Mr. McGregor suggests that the Treasury should take over at "equitable" exchange rates all foreign-owned short-term credits in Great Britain and all British-owned short-term credits abroad. But this is Bolshevism, and not even a Socialist Government would dare to expropriate foreign as well as British capitalists. An international clearing house might work admirably if every nation were to adopt it, but if only a few out of many nations adopted it, so that triangular trade cannot be taken wholly into account, it would tend to reduce the total volume of international trade. And Mr. McGregor assumes that, by the alteration of the paper rates of exchange between two countries, equilibrium would be attained mechanically in their joint trading account. But I doubt it. Mr. McGregor may lack the sense of practicable politics, but many will be delighted with his basic argument: "Increasing the pay of the workers is the only sound means of reversing deflation."

TRAINING CENTRES

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years, and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospects, apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14, The Crescent, Bedford, Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: Miss MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examinations of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s. —For particulars apply SECRETARY.

LITERARY

SONG POEMS WANTED. Songs and musical compositions also considered for publication. Known or unknown writers invited send MSS. PETER DEREK, LTD., Dept. N.N., 108, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

LEARN to write Articles and Stories, make spare hours profitable. Booklet free.—REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191), 9 Palace Gate, W.8.

NEW Writers. Novels, plays and MSS. on popular or specialised subjects welcomed and promptly considered.—TEMPLE BAR PUBLG. CO., LTD., 30 St. Martin's Court, W.C.2.

ART GALLERY

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square, 10—6 Sat., 10—1.
(1) Drawings by RICHARD SICKERT, A.R.A.
(2) Paintings and Sculpture by GLYN PHILPOT, R.A.
(3) Colour Lithographs by BONNARD & VUILLARD.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, July 3rd, at 11 a.m. PROF. J. C. FLUGEL, D.Sc. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HAPPINESS.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. DIRTY WORK. Wed. & Fri.
H'DROME. OUT OF THE BOTTLE. W., Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S. EVENSONG. Wed., Sat.
ST. JAMES'S. THE VINEGAR TREE. Wed., Sat.
WESTMINSTER. THE KINGDOM OF GOD. Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly, 8.30. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
DIRTY WORK.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
CASANOVA.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Temple Bar 5122.)
DAILY 2 P.M. TILL MIDNIGHT.
CONTINUOUS GRAND GUIGNOL
Prices 1/- to 5/- excluding tax.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.30.
W., Th., & S., 2.30. Julian Wylie's New Musical Comedy,
OUT OF THE BOTTLE.
Clifford Mollison, Arthur Riscoe, Polly Walker, Frances Day, Debroy Somers and His Band.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517). Nightly at 8.30.
EVENSONG.
By Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols.
EDITH EVANS.
VIOLET VANBRUGH. WILFRID LAWSON.
Matinees Wed., Sat., at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. Whitehall 3903.
Nightly 8.40. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
THE VINEGAR TREE.

WESTMINSTER. Victoria, S.W.1. 2/3 to 9/-.
(Vic. 0283). Nightly, at 8.30. (Last Week)
Matinee Saturday at 2.30.
GILLIAN SCAIFE in
THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Exclusive Run LEONTINE SAGAN'S Psychological Study of Adolescence.
MADCHEN IN UNIFORM. 10th Week.
And the Submarine Drama MEN LIKE THESE.

CAMBRIDGE, Cambridge Circus. Tem. Bar 6056
Sunday, July 3rd.
Premier EKK'S Russian Sound Film.
THE ROAD TO LIFE.
(Russian Dialogue with English Explanatory Titles.)

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
Held Over! 2nd WEEK!
LONDON'S GREATEST THRILL!
SCARFACE The Shame of a Nation!

FORUM CINEMA. (Charing Cross), Villiers St.
July 4th and daily
"THE BLUE EXPRESS."
Also Mon., Tues., Wed.: RICHARD TAUBER in
"THE END OF THE RAINBOW."
Detailed Programme sent regularly on application.
Weekdays 1—11, Sundays 6 p.m. Tem. Bar 3931

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Comfort, refinement. Bedroom and Breakfast 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet "London Old and New" on application.

EASTBOURNE.—2, Jevington Gardens, High-class vegetarian Guest House, at moderate terms. Full particulars on request.—Mrs. P. H. ROGERS (Cookery diploma). Tel. 866.

BOURNEMOUTH'S FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49s. to 70s. P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel, West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service, quiet situation. Sea 3 minutes. 'Phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

EASTBOURNE, Stanley House Private Hotel, Howard Square. Central and quiet position, near Band Stand and Devonshire Park. Excellent cuisine and service. 'Phone 1364.—The Misses M. and V. STANLEY.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Warm, sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Central heating, log fires. H. and c. water all bedrooms. Telephone 126.

LAKES, BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE. Victoria Family Hotel. Largest and most modern. 4 and 4½ Gns.

BRIGHTON—ROTTINGDEAN.
Tudor Close. *The Loveliest Hotel in Sussex.*
In the romantic seaside Village of Rottingdean now a part of Brighton. Central Heating. All modern conveniences. High Class with moderate terms. Horses available for riding on 2,000 acres of Downland in connection with Hotel at 5s. per hour. Write MANAGERESS for illustrated Brochure. Appointed R.A.C., A.A. Hotel. Telephone: Rottingdean 9291

IDEAL CAMPING SITES. Ashdown Forest. Wood, orchard, meadow. Goat's milk. One or two paying guests or week-end visitors welcomed.—DAVIS, Redcot, Fairwarp, Uckfield, Sussex. Tel.: Nutley 20.

TRAVEL, HOTELS—continued

SURREY HILLS.
Persian carpets, antique china and furniture are rare in a hotel de luxe. Added to an excellent cuisine and every modern comfort they commend HILLCROFT RESIDENTIAL HOTEL.
21 Park Hill Rise, East Croydon.
Eighteen minutes from town. Within two miles of six first-class golf courses. Large garden: tennis court. Children welcomed. Terms moderate.
Resident proprietors: D. H. HARTOG (Balliol).
F. W. HARTOG (Lady Margaret Hall).

SUNNY.—Well appointed guest house on quiet heath in the heart of lovely country, but only 25 miles from town. Ideal for study, rest, or a happy holiday. Excellent library. Car for use. Garage. 'Phone: 172. Ainsworth, White Lodge, Blindley Heath, Lingfield, Surrey.

BEWDLEY, Redthorne Homestead. Book here for holidays. Lovely home in lovely district. Every comfort and convenience.—Apply Misses FOX and GILLBANKS.

ROCKINGHAM PRIVATE HOTEL, Westward Ho! Devon. Overlooking sea. Near golf links, tennis courts. Every comfort. Generous table. 2½ to 3½ Gns. weekly.

BATH, 2 miles. Veg. Guest House in lovely garden overlooking Avon. Exc. centre. Close trams. From 50s. Tennis Bathing.—G. TOLLEMACHE Batheaston, Bath.

LLANDUDNO. The Craig-y-don (Temperance) Promenade. Ideal Centre for Touring "Snowdonia." Accom. 200. Lift, Lounge, Writing, Recreation Rooms. Tariff. Proprietress. Tel. 6489.

SURREY HILLS. Birdroyd Food Reform Guest House, Gomshall. Five acres woodland. Hard Tennis Court. Sleeping Huts and Sun-Bathing. Apply MR. and MRS. CHAMBERLAIN. 'Phone: Shere 43.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea, golf, and town. Photographs sent.—MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

WILDERSWIL, Switzerland (two minutes' walk from auto. station, Wilderswil, Interlaken). Park Hotel des Alpes. Splendid view of Jungfrau, etc. Lovely walks. Every modern convenience. Special terms. Mmes. E. and M. LUTHI.

MISCELLANEOUS

TEA for the discerning. Finest blend Sylhet and Ceylon leaf with Darjeeling Broken Orange Pekoe. Packed in 1-lb. lined boxes 3/-, three boxes 8/6, post free. Buy direct from EASTERN IMPORTS, LTD., 141, Moorgate, London, E.C.2.

REALLY GOOD CIDER.—Once you have tried "Quantock Vale," The Premier Cider of England, you will never wish for better. Finest quality in cask and bottle at moderate prices, direct from producers. Send for Booklet.—QUANTOCK VALE CIDER CO., LTD., North Petherton, Bridgwater.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104, Stornoway, N.B.

SUN BATHING (mixed), German lines. Beautiful woodland Sun Park, outskirts London. Physical exercises, games, woodcraft. Sunday discussions, Sex Psychology, Health. Also Indoor (West-End) Artificial Sun Centre.—Write Lady Sec., Box 143, N.S. & N., 10, Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

"WHY I Became a Unitarian." Booklets, free —Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE: universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe; extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	-	-	30s. 0d.
Six Months ,, ,,	-	-	15s. 0d.
Three ,, ,, ,,	-	-	7s. 6d.

and should be addressed to The Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

PHILOSOPHY

CONTENTS FOR JULY:

THEISM AND RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATION — THE MOST REV. C. F. D'ARCY, D.D., F.B.A.
OXFORD MORALISTS — IAN GALLIE
ENTROPY AND EVOLUTION — PROFESSOR J. JOHNSTONE
THE AQUINATE PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD — V. BURDWOOD EVANS, M.A., B.Litt.
THE PRESENT POSITION OF PSYCHOLOGY — PROFESSOR JAMES DREVER
THE SIZE-FACTOR IN ART — E. M. ROWELL

Philosophical Survey. New Books. Correspondence.
Institute Notes: Annual Meeting

Price 3s. 6d. net. Annual subscription 14s. net post free.

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD. LONDON W.C.2.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

July, 1932. **CONTENTS:** ***3/6***

INDIA: THE NEXT STEP — By Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.
THE QUOTA CRAZE — By Viscount ASTOR
OUR FINANCIAL PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS — By HAROLD COX
THE GREEK CRISIS — By Dr. WILLIAM MILLER
RELIEF WORK: ITS ROMANCE AND CRITICISM — By the DEAN OF CANTERBURY
WHERE MUSICAL CRITICISM GOES ASTRAY — By Dame ETHEL SMYTH, Mus.Doc.
THE NEW RADICALISM IN AMERICA — By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN
AUSTRALIAN CHARACTERISTICS — By KENNETH HENDERSON
A THEORY OF FREE CATHOLICISM — By J. W. POYNTER
VAGRANCY: A NATIONAL PROBLEM — By MURIEL KENT
AN IMMORTAL LOVE STORY, RECONSIDERED — By GEORGE EYRE-TODD
THE HISTORY OF THE FISHES — By the Rev. JAMES B. JOHNSTON, F.R.Hist.S.
FOREIGN AFFAIRS — By GEORGE GLASGOW
FROM BRÜNING TO VON PAPEN; THE POPE AND THE CRISIS; THE CHAIN OF DEBTS.
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT AND REVIEWS OF BOOKS

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 19, CURSITOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4